

GROTON SCHOOL YEARBOOK



1979



Lloyd K. Hawtett





Dedications;

*"Many Forms have gone before you,
St. Mark's games been lost and won.
But the School will ne'er forget you
For the deeds you've done."*

As these slightly discordant tones ring out across the Circle on June 2nd, you'll undoubtedly laugh at the insults and innuendoes the Vth Form will toss your way. You may also begin to wonder where these years have gone and even have a tinge of nostalgia.

As III and IV Formers you were rated at "high potential." And you lived up to that prophecy in the classroom, on the stage, in the Chapel with the "Smith Brothers," and on the playing fields. Some of you were pioneers for coeducation, and you've proven its success. You've made wonderful friendships and even a few wonderful romances. Most of all you've set a tone of caring and concern for each other and for the School. Lively, enthusiastic and dedicated, you've enriched your own lives and the lives of those around you.

If you work and play for more than you can afford to lose, you'll be ready for any challenge.

Thank you and good luck. We'll miss you.

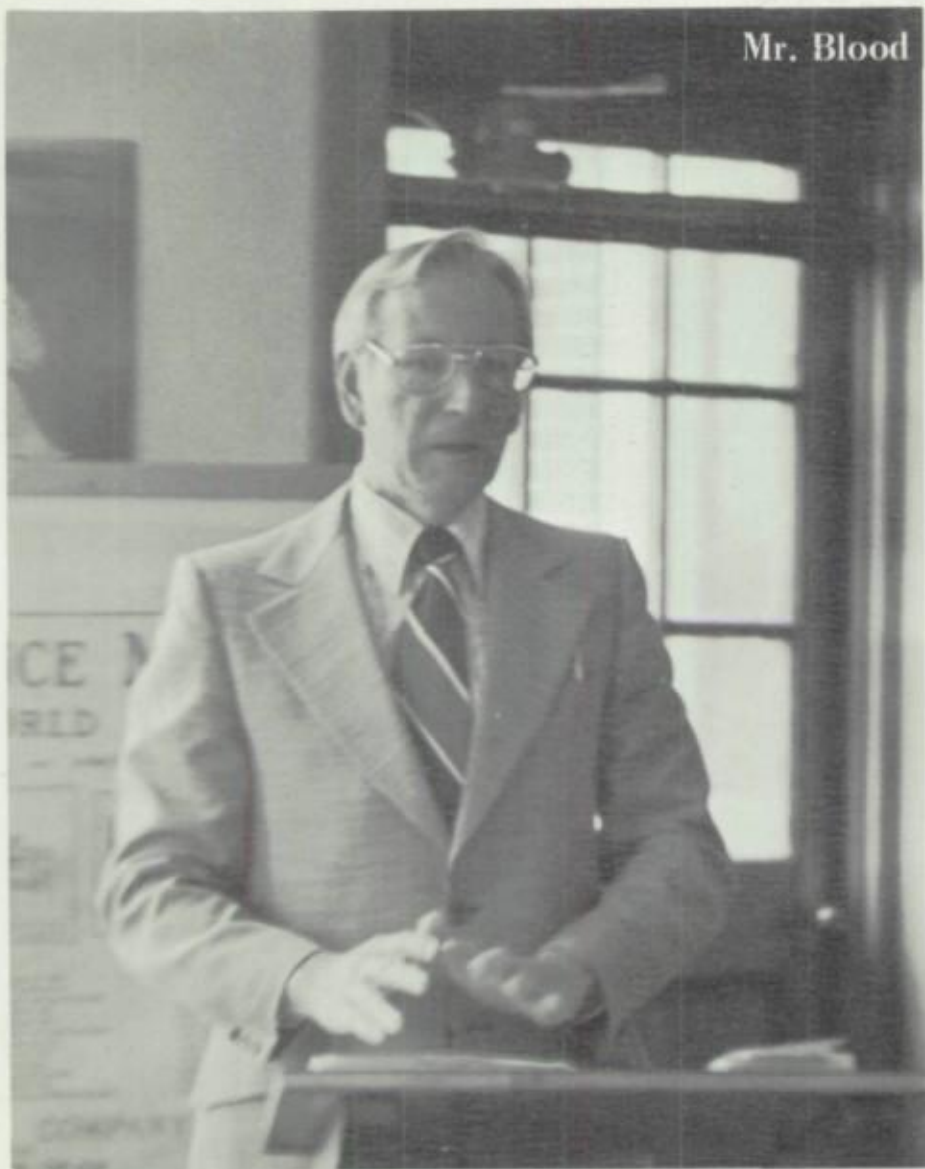


The greatest joy of Schoolmastering at Groton has always been, for us, the number of good friends we could count from among the VI Formers who have departed "to meet the world in the morning" on Prize Day. This VIth Form of 1979 is unique to us of the 32 we've seen through Groton for not only are there attractive girls, God bless them, to add to the boys, but also we have felt closer to a larger percentage of you all than any other VI Form in our long span here. From the very genesis of your Form in Sept. 1974, when you all took Science in the old Physics Lab. to this last year, in the new Science Building we've had a very happy association with a goodly number of you. Being affiliated with Mr. Carpenter in Brooks House, in you, III Form year was a particularly memorable time, when one couldn't help but become intimate. Then in the ensuing years when we were affiliated in the dorms of Mr. Jesdale, Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. Gula we continued a close tie with many of you, as you grew in grace.

To say "We'll miss you" will be a gross understatement when we leave Groton this Prize Day. We are especially honored by your dedication.

In Appreciation

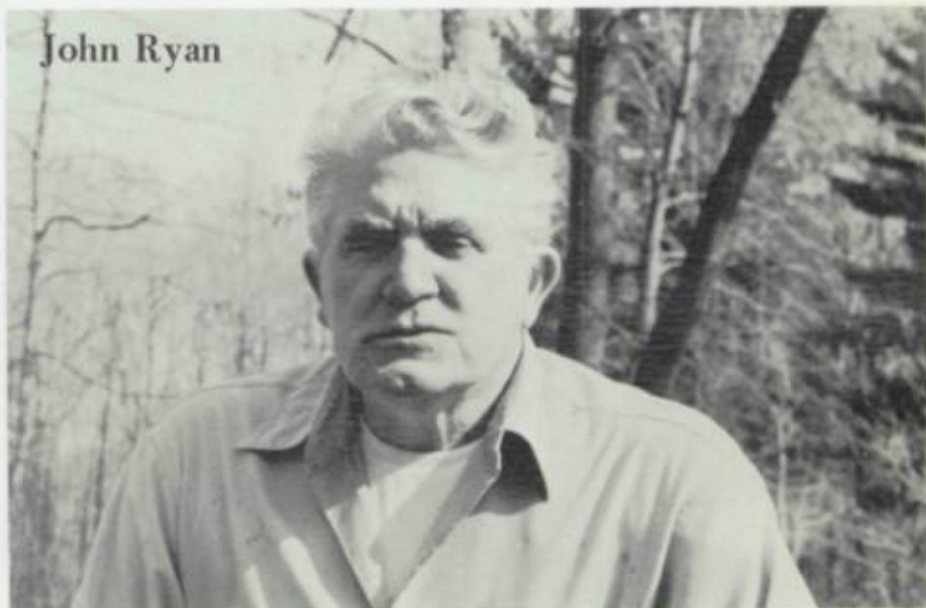
Mr. Blood



Matty Aho



John Ryan



Mr. Parker



Mr. Sackett



Administration



Headmaster and Mrs. William Polk



**Congratulations on your
first year. Best of luck
in the future.**

Class of 1979

FALL





Musty storage rooms. Cardboard boxes. Receivers, speakers, turntables. And the question "How was your summer?"

The floodgates had been opened. The deluge had begun. The Grotties were back.

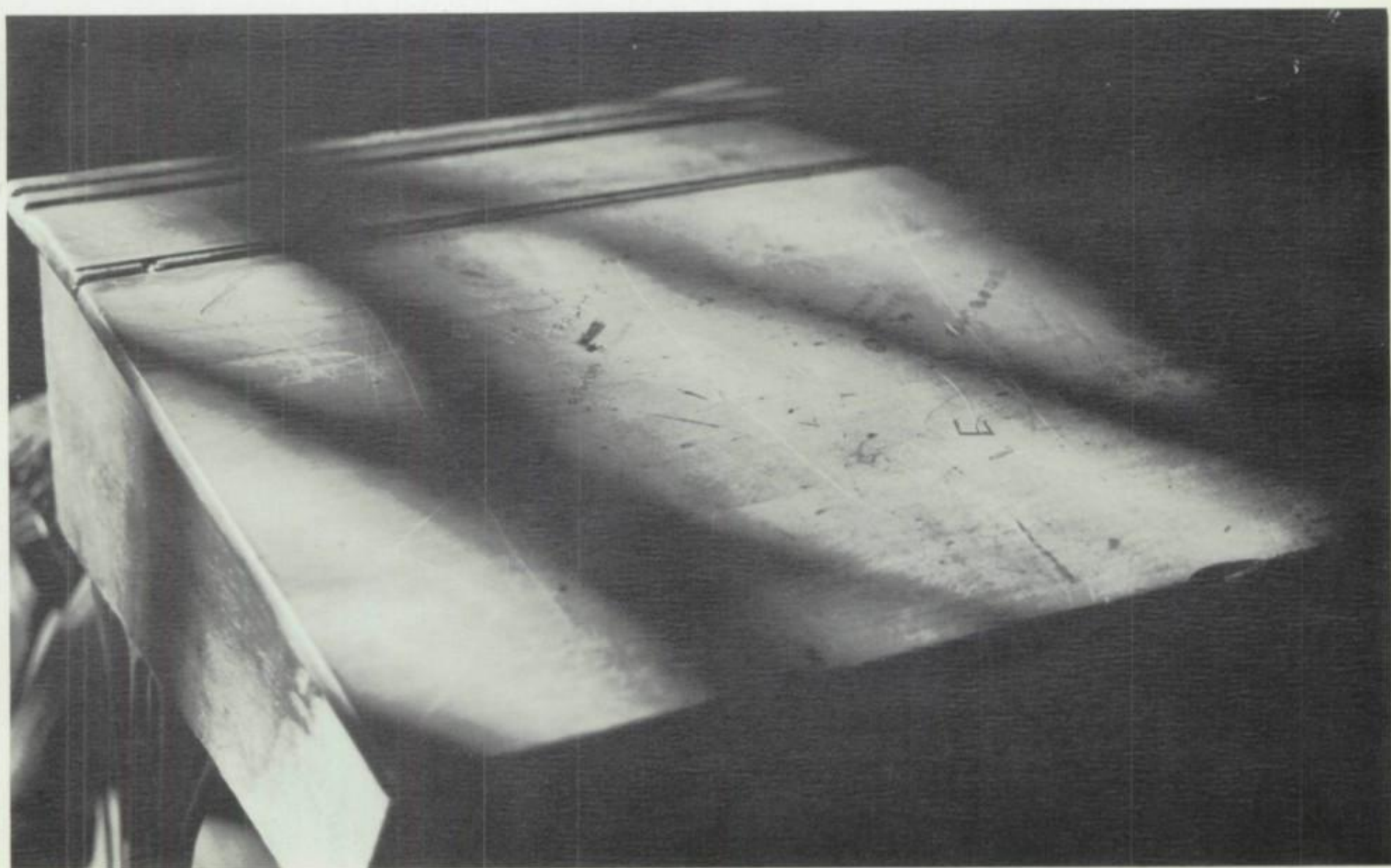
As the new students walked towards the Schoolhouse for their mug shots, they heard the sounds of the athletes, already into the routine of twice-a-day practices. On Monday, a torrential rainstorm in the midst of a scavenger hunt left the new students wondering if it were an omen of things to come. But as the skies cleared on Tuesday our spirits were lifted, and we were off to School. Mr. Polk greeted us in Chapel, the School Hymn was sung (from memory by those in Mr. Holden's classes), and it was on to Roll Call. Jon Rich was greeted with resounding applause in his first roll call, and we went to classes.

There were strangers in many of those classes. Who was Volker? Who was Rich Fox or Cilla

Smith? But the students were not the only new faces.

The Polks impressed faculty and students with their confidence and friendliness. Mr. Polk, who soon knew almost everyone's name, could be found doing almost anything, ranging from kicking a ball with the girls' soccer team to mooching cookies at recess. Chester, the newest member of the Polk family, soon found his own place in the community teaming up with Ginny and earning the nickname "Chester the Molester."

Yahweh Smith appeared in the pulpit on the first Sunday with a bandage around his head. He told us that he'd been in a car crash, but as we got to know him during the term we began to have our doubts. He forced us to stand up (and wake up) at the beginning of daily chapel, but rewarded us with a period of silence to catch up on our sleep. The fall chapel services were enlivened by Mr. Gula on piano and a dancing sermon one Sunday, and the Student Vestry was reborn.





Darryl (The) Hood brought his own act to chapel arriving the first Sunday in a bright orange suit. Hobart, with his equally flashy black double-knits, made Roll Call twice as long but we were spared the peculiar pronouncements of Jake, who was chopping wood in Maine.

Frank Hatch's victory on primary night made Olivia a celebrity in her own right, but at School and on late-night television; however, the hottest issue at Groton was not state politics, but inter-visitation. There were dorm meetings, faculty meetings and formal discussions. The final decision did not come until after Thanksgiving.

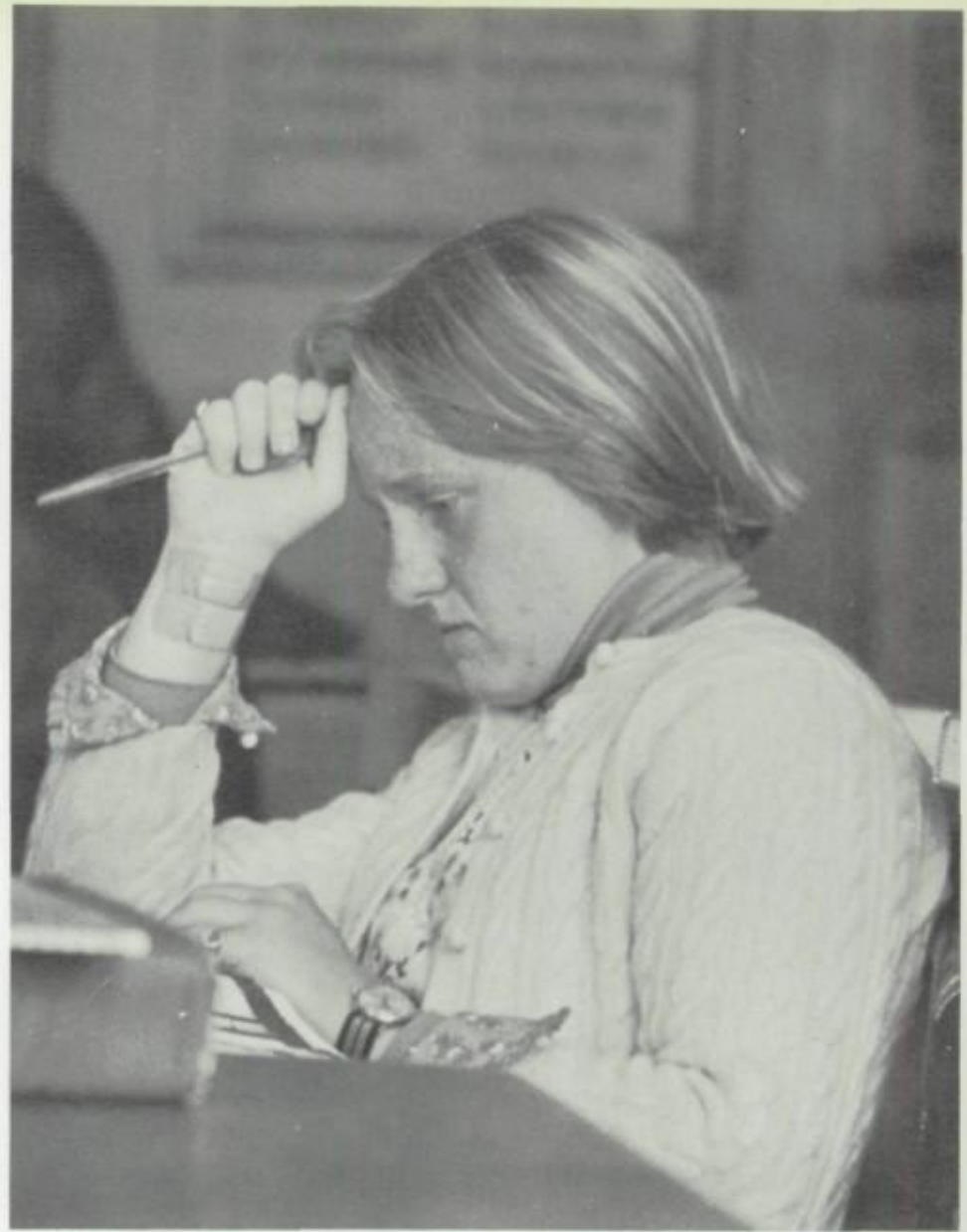
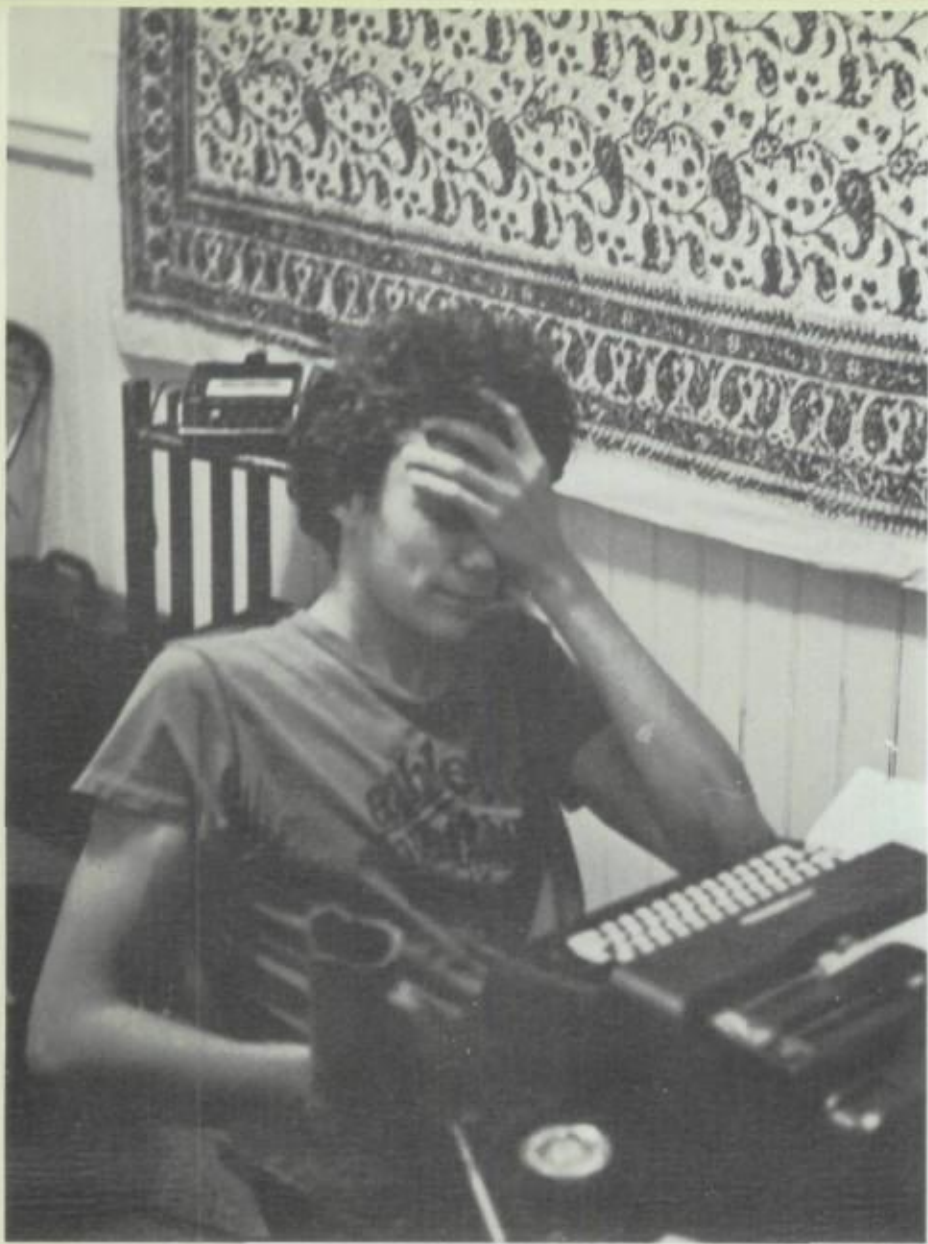


The first big event of the year was St. Paul's rally. At sundown the festivities began as the whole School formed two columns on the Circle in front of Hundred House. The crowd looked to the balcony and listened as the players yelled out the verses:

*Who's the Ghost above the lawn
Working in the press 'til dawn
Against the Paulies he'll turn it on
Our pudgy little halfback SEAN*

Though our hands were sore and our voices hoarse, we looked forward to meeting the Paulies the following day.









Varsity Soccer 1978 had an outstanding season. It was only the second team since 1958 to have a perfect Gummere Cup League record (10-0); it was the first Gummere Cup champion to participate in post-season play (W.N.E.S.C. Tournament), losing to eventual winner Williston Academy 1-0, in the semi-finals; it defeated key rivals—Belmont Hill, Brooks, Noble & Greenough, Milton and St. Mark's (6-1) — by a 16-3 margin; and it set a new Groton team scoring record (41 goals in 13 games).

The team was led by three-year veterans Jon Rich and Dave Wilmerding enroute to its 11-2-0 record, losing its first and last games. The steady development of the defense (two goals allowed in the last five games; fourteen altogether) played as important a role in the overall success of the team as did the outstanding offense. In particular, starting fullbacks Mike Curtis, Tim Forster, and John Steinert; keepers Steve Brown and Will Gardiner; and linkmen Phil Blood, Ben Colburn, Jay Hass and Jon Rich deserve recognition. Bench strength came from Digger Faesy, Peter Forbes, Josh Groves, Mike Mendoza and Judson Reis.

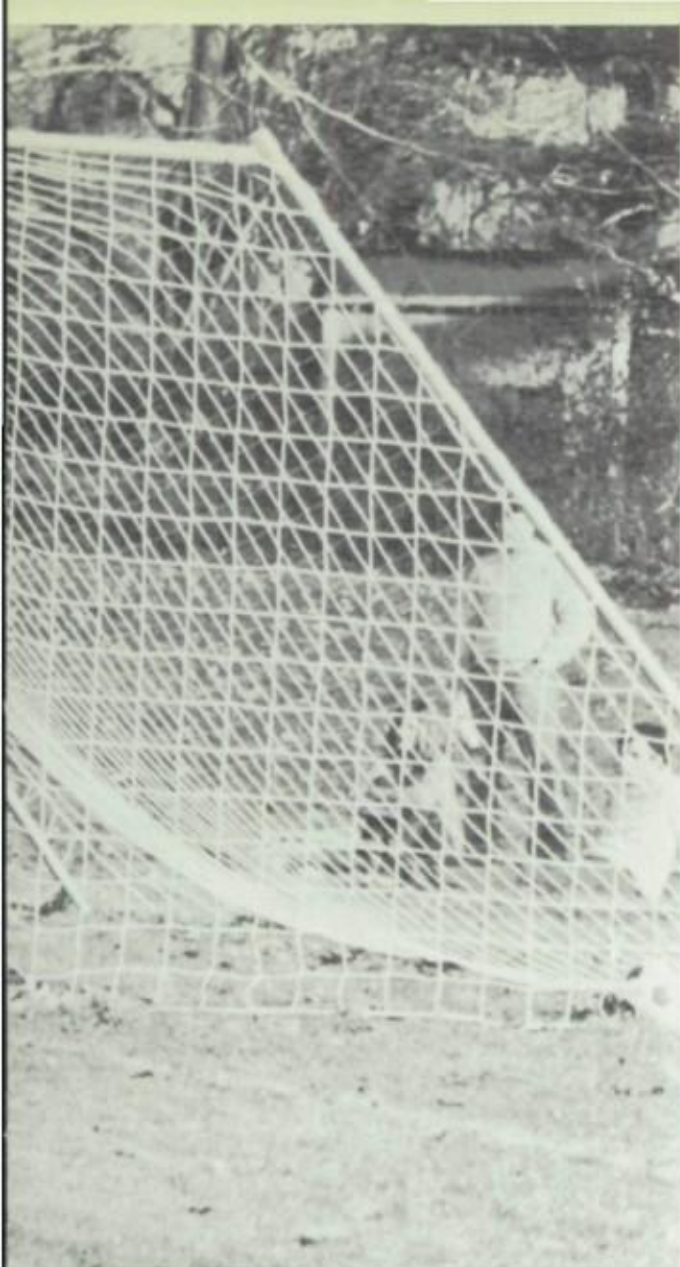






But until the defense came together, it was the offense that continuously counterbalanced our inexperience, except for Rich and Steinert, that extended our 60% of the playing area. Whether we used three or four or five forwards, we were able to score (only in our last game, against Williston, were we shut out). Eight players contributed to our record 41 goals; seven players contributed to our record 26 assists. Wilmerding scored thirteen goals (a new Groton record since we have been a league member, as is his career total of 30) and six assists; Steve Higginson scored ten goals and eleven assists (a new Groton record, as is his career assist total of fifteen); Tom Hoopes had eleven goals and four assists (career total of eleven). The remaining goals scored this year came from Todd Andrews (two), Jorge Florez (two), Blood, Steve Eyre and Steinert. Other contributing offensive players were George Biddle, Tom Bator and Gus Rogerson.

Post-season honors went to Higginson, Rich, and Wilmerding with their elections to the All-League First Team; to Curtis, Hoopes and Steinert to the Second Term; to co-Captains-elect Curtis and Forster, who will lead Varsity Soccer 1979. Next year's team will benefit from this year's experience, especially defensively. The potential



is there, but it will not be easy to replace immediately players like "Hig," "Hooopie" and "Dinger," whose combined three totals were 67 goals and 37 assists, or contact people like Rich and Steinert.

I would like to thank personally J.V. coach Dick Lehrbach (another solid winning season) and assistant coach Kevin Schott for their invaluable help on the fields with the defense and in the taping room; Mgr. Andy Reyes as well as his assistant Ted Wheeler, for his commitment and resourcefulness; and the sixth form members of the team especially Jon and David, who provided so much in the way of enthusiasm, drive, support and leadership. The intangibles had as much to do with our success this year as did the statistics.





We opened our season with Amy Cunningham scoring on a penalty stroke against Concord Academy. We went on to beat Concord 4-1. Our next game was close and beautifully played against St. George's. This was a first for the Groton hockey team because St. George's had never been on our schedule, and we were delighted to drive away from the Newport beaches with a 2-1 victory. Sally Townsend and Lynn Piasecki scored each of the two goals at crucial moments in the game. The season progressed with two wins against Lawrence Academy and Middlesex. We hit the low point of our season when we experienced our only loss to Thayer Academy. The team was resilient and

came back to tie one of our toughest competitors, Pingree. Suzy Keating, our goalie, saved us from defeat with nine saves. The team continued to work hard. Sarah Greenhill, Sarah Clark, Sarah Sewall, Joan Hirschhorn and Claudia Lewis played excellent defense for the remainder of the season. We weathered through three frustrating ties against Governor Dummer, Nobles and Milton. The Milton game was a fast and competitive game with Olivia Hatch and Lynn Piasecki demonstrating skill and finesse on the forward line. We ended the season with two victories against B.B. & N. and St. Mark's. In the B.B. & N. game Amy Cunningham scored three of the five goals and Nicole





Piasecki played her link position beautifully. Sarah Alexander and Eliza Storey helped to create many important plays during that game. Our final game against St. Mark's was well-played and satisfying to us. Olivia Hatch could not be stopped and she scored two goals. Sally Townsend scored the other. Bo Wallace and Laura Gardner both played well during this game. The final score was 3-1.

Thirteen of the fifteen varsity players are Sixth Formers and we will miss them enormously next year. Their positive attitude and desire to play good field hockey has helped us to create a solid hockey program. Captains Suzy Keating and Lynn Piasecki were effective and excellent leaders. This year's team demonstrated determination, dedication, good polka steps and skill.

Many thanks to Gussie Johns, whose insights and support were invaluable and to Kathy Sardagna, who helped manage the team.







In planning for the 1978 football season the coaching staff realized that our most obvious weakness would be our lack of speed in the back-field. Unfortunately, we never found that speed and we ended the season with one win, five loses and one tie.

Offensively, we were unable to generate the yardage necessary to score. In the Middlesex, Milton, and St. Mark's games we were able to move the ball successfully, but in key situations mistakes and lack of execution kept us from scoring.

Led by co-Captains Alex Chatfield and Minturn Osborne, the defense, under constant pressure, kept us in every game. In fact, they scored twice during the season—once when David Rimmer intercepted a pass against St. George's, and once when they blocked a punt against Governor Dummer.





Although our successes were minimal, outstanding performances were given by many of our players. Gayland Trim did an outstanding job at tight-end, earning post season honors by being named Second Team All League. Minturn Osborne was also honored and Alex Chatfield received honorable mention. More importantly, our Sixth Form provided fine leadership and delivered a determined effort throughout the season. Besides Trim and our co-Captains, Mike Sheedy did a super job playing defensive safety, split receiver and punting. Sean Egan, Steve Curtis, Andy Kennedy and all of our Sixth Formers provided excellent models for the younger players. They were an unselfish group who put a lot of hard work and effort into the season, and they never gave up. From the coaches' standpoint you could not have found a more dedicated group of athletes.

At the end-of-season banquet Timothy Dilworth and Mark Streaker were voted co-Captains by their teammates.







"Played eleven, won one, tied two, lost eight . . ." so ran the sad litany and the temptation to look elsewhere for cheer, or solace. This though was a time for blooding, it was a precocious coming-of-age, a debut celebrated in sweat and guts in a world whose sacred bulls have so long considered the inflated pigskin as a symbol of male global conquest. Girl's soccer in the fall of 1978, in Groton School at least, ceased being the subject of ribald locker-room humor and went some way towards earning its 'lettres de noblesse'. The tensed nerves, the gnashing of cleats, the broken bones, and the crutches, the bitter taste of the peel beyond the half-time fruit of the citrus, twenty-seven deeply committed and skilled athletes giving all they had to the task, this was strong stuff that made the cause worthy of those who were

committed to it. It was a strangely moving experience to see the tentative and uncertain movements of September emerge as determined and thrustful exhibitions of skill and co-ordination just six weeks later. One cannot record all, though some high moments deserve mention: Crystal's hat trick against Cushing, Claire's endless retrieving of Concord's goal clearance, Miranda's enraged revolt against Governor Dummer, Julia's solo against Lunenburg, Becky's speed and sleight of foot, Lukie's towering clearances, Diana's uncanny sense of the flow of play, Angie's grace and brilliance, Rachel's heading . . . and so it goes on. All had their moments of grace and all shared in collective joys and sorrows. Our deep and enduring thanks to Messrs. Craig Smith and Parker who helped us prepare.





Rear Row. Mr. Blood, Blood, Mike Curtis, Hastings, Groves, Colburn, Florez, Biddle, T. Forster, Eyre, Mr. Shott, An, Reyes.

Middle Row. T. Bator, Reis, J. Steinert, Hass, S. Higginson, J. Rich (Capt.), D. Wilmerding (Capt.), Hoopes, Faesy, Andrews, P. Forbes, Mendoza.

Front Row. W. Gardiner, G. Rogerson, S. Brown.



Rear Row. Tuke, Choate, Harwood, Montes, Mueenuddin, S. Walker, Mackay, Galloway, Alexander, Hardej.

Fourth Row. Conzelman, Duff, Carvalho, Horan, Brackbill, Black, Rockwell, Caperton, P. Gardner.

Third Row. Cook, S. alzman, Streaker, Kim, O'Donnell, T. Moore, Dilworth, Hicks, Griffith, Thaler.

Second Row. S. Curtis, D. Rimmer, Lowe, Jacobson, Vila, Ousley, Criner, A. Kennedy, Hockens, Hayes.

Front Row. Adam, McNiff, Borden, Edwards, Egan, Chatfield (Capt.), M. Osborne (Capt.), Trim, Sheedy, R. Fox, P. Fleming.



Rear Row. Mrs. Holden, Wallace, Sewall, A. Cunningham, Townsend, N. Piasecki, C. Lewis, Clark.
 Front Row. Greenhill, Alexander, Hatch, S. Keating (Capt.), L. Piasecki (Capt.), L. Gardner, Hirshhorn, E. Storey.



Rear Row. Harris, Howland, F. Fleming, Chapman, L. Osborne, Townley, Mali, Paul, R. Kennedy.
 Middle Row. Vaillancourt, Chigas, Rathborne, Durham, Hodgeson, Hamel, Erhart, McGovern, Miller, R. Hopkins.
 Front Row. Norris, Davis, J. Bolger, Richards, Coe, G. Rasetti, Burton.



The Soda Series teams, armed only with shorts and T-shirts, took to the battlefields for mortal combat. Shep proved himself Hobart's equal with his announcement at Roll Call, and his team went on to beat Packard's boys in the winner-take-all championship. As the victors savored their prized sodas, they looked back and realized that Soda Series had reached new heights in quality and competitiveness.

For real entertainment, though, most of us looked to Saturday night (the four-hour Groton weekend). Our first Saturday night dance was extended by the Sixth Form, who celebrated their new-found privilege by keeping the Polks awake until 1:00 a.m. A few Saturdays later Sean and Shelley, with little competition, won the prize as King and Queen of the toga disco. The bluegrass band got poor reviews but "The Dating Game," "Name That Tune," and "What's My Line," starring Mr. Pizza Man, were well received.

By the arrival of the School Birthday, the leaves had turned yellow, the food was getting boring, the pheasants had acquired their red sunglasses and students were expecting the "surprise" holiday. That morning was filled with sighs and groans for homework left undone as the expected announcement was never made. At night we sat down amidst the balloons to enjoy a fine meal, a few words from Mr. Wright and a flawless rendition of "Blue Bottles" by the Fifth Form, conducted for the last time by Mr. Parker.



Reverend John Smith

At Tuesday Roll Call Mr. Myers was awarded the Dillon Chair in the Humanities, Anne Hamel was appointed to the College Board Committee on Access Services and Mr. Polk appeared in his green jacket to announce a holiday in honor of the Sixth Form. A few opted to enjoy the sun on campus while most wandered through Boston or climbed Mt. Monadnock.

An army of cars invaded the campus on Friday afternoon. Parents' Weekend had begun. On Saturday morning we slept late rather than confront our parents, who were finally hearing the real story of our academic progress. After the long-awaited dinners at the Bridle and Spur or the Bull Run, everyone gathered in the Hall to listen to the Madrigals, watch the modern dancers and enjoy the Dramat's production of the "Lunchtime Chamber Orchestra."

Later in the week Congressman Gerry Studds spoke about his experience in government. In spite of the required attendance almost everyone enjoyed the lecture. Mr. Studds began with a pleasant recollection of his political career at Groton (president of the Young Republicans as a Third Former) and ended with a question-and-answer session, which quickly became a forum for student complaints about big government. He stayed for a few days attending classes and talking with students and faculty.

Halloween came and we had as much fun trick-or-treating as the fac brats did. It was warm, which was nice, since a ghost in a down parka has never been very scary. By 7:30 all of the faculty homes had been cleaned out and the Fifth Form had to be satisfied with disrupting study hall and romping through Brooks House.



Long Weekend was a welcome relief as we left the Milton games and headed for New York, Boston, or (a few of us, anyway) back to School. As the short week began on Tuesday, things had changed at School. Exams were no longer some distant spectre; they were next week! As always, this had a wild effect on the level of activity in the Physics lab, and tests and papers flooded the assignment pads of all students. This week also proved the omnipotence of the Deans. According to Hobar-tian decree, Tuesday was to be Monday and Thursday was to be Tuesday.

On the next weekend, the freshmen returned to watch the St. Mark's games and visit old friends. The soccer team impressed their spectators with

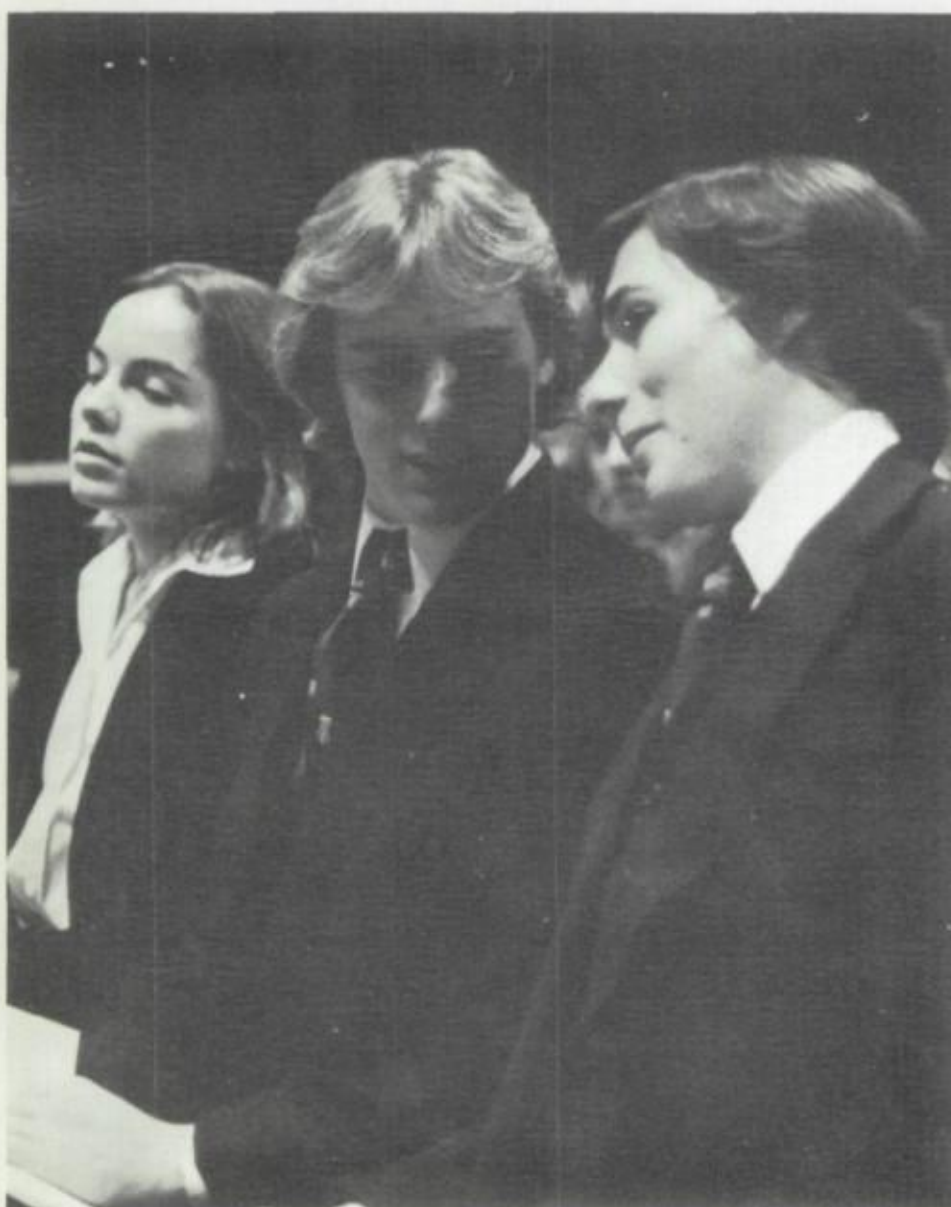
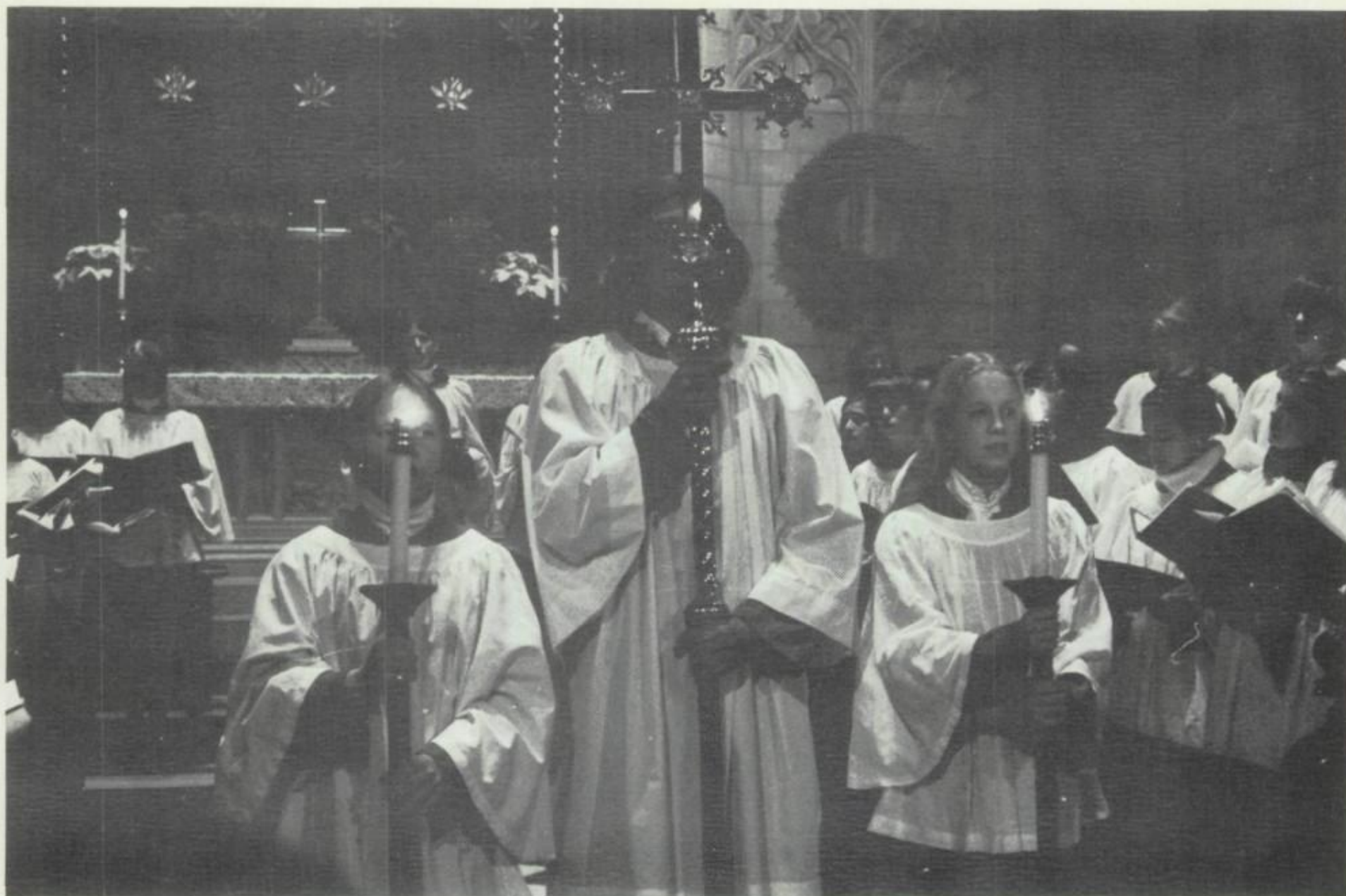
a brilliant second-half show and joined the field hockey team on the wagon for a trip around the Circle. The excitement proved to be too much for them, however, as the Alumni soccer team over-powered the league champions on Sunday afternoon. That night, after the freshmen had left, Virginia Pleasants entertained us with a harpsichord recital in the Chapel.

The Fall Term finally drew to a close after five grueling days of exams. Matty was gone, Olivia's father had lost the election for Governor, and the CIRCLE VOICE was relatively voiceless, thanks to mechanical difficulties. The gray storm-entrance had been added to the Chapel, and as the snow began to fall, we left for Thanksgiving Vacation.



WINTER



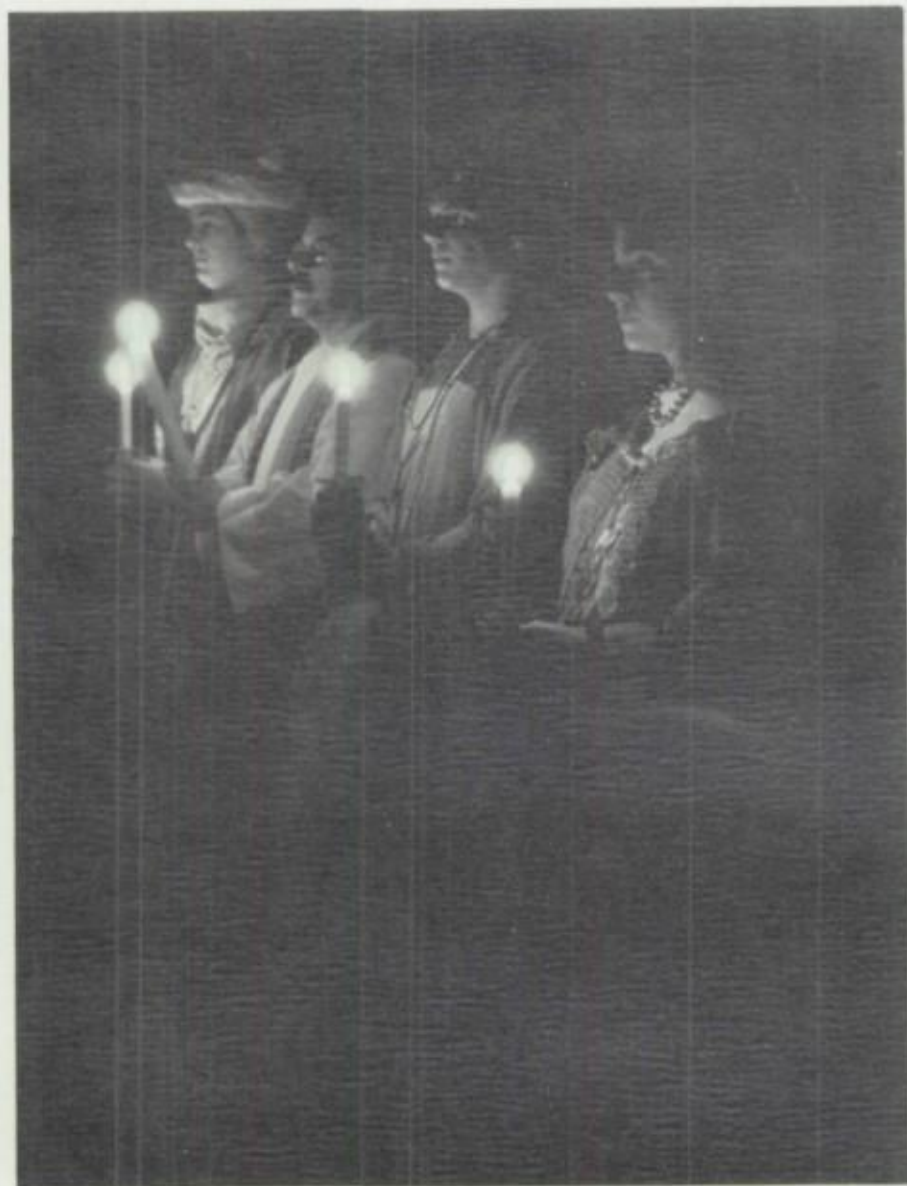


he stretched the New York bus trip to eight hours in a desperate attempt to delay Winter Term but our efforts were to no avail. Once again we were trapped inside by the New England winter.

The choir began the term by practicing for the Christmas carol service, which they performed with their usual skill and style. Our Christmas celebration was marred by two new developments. New fire laws prohibited almost all Christmas decorations, although Miss Johns' dorm fought back with lights in the windows and tinsel on the bannister. Mr. Polk's early Christmas present was an announcement that intervisitation had been canned.

In the first week after Christmas Vacation we heard *Newsweek* General Editor Linda Bird Franke speak on two touchy moral issues—birth control and abortion. Dr. Fred Kropp spoke on the topic of platectonics (continental drift) and advised those interested in a long-term investment to look for property in Central Ethiopia, which will soon become valuable oceanfront property. We rushed to our brokers.

The Winter Term ended on a lighter note with the arrival of the New Black Eagle Jazz Band. The popular local jazz band provided relief from the Winter Blues.

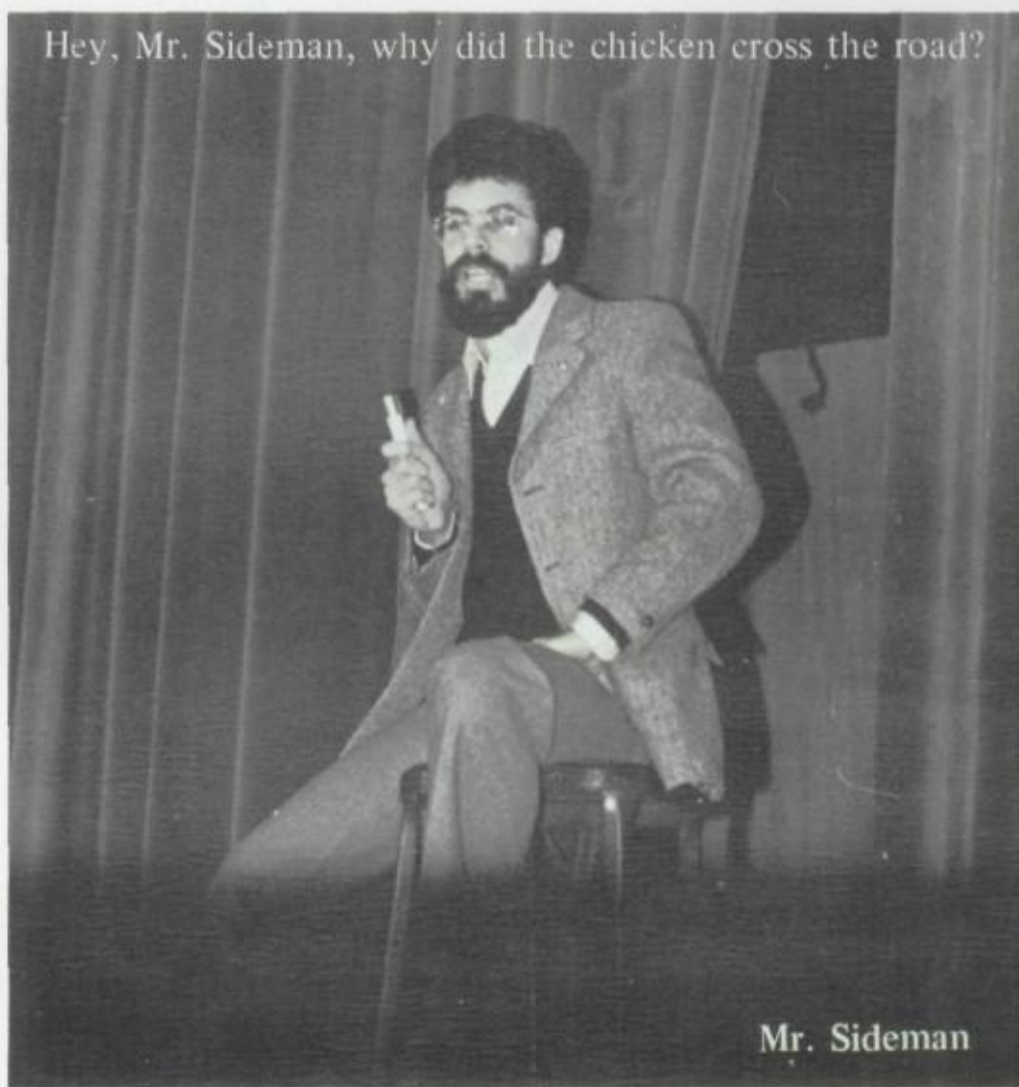




The "Talent" Show again helped the School to make it through the winter. The Hall was packed as it is at no other time of the year, and the excitement was unlike anything else in the winter. The acts ranged from punk rockers Billy Blitz and the Light-weights to the rotund Killer Bees. The NOT-Ready-For-Groton-Players entertained us with several short skits and remained undaunted by the almost constant chorus of cat-calls that greeted each of their performances. Cup Jock and the Straps gave an unusual interpretation of a fifties song, which was translated for the mentally impaired by Scott Steward. The Rockettes performed a parody of last year's cheerleaders, bared all from sock to jock, and garnered first prize (a coconut) for the best act. Unfortunately, the evening ended on a sour note when Hot Boot had a dead amp and destroyed the hopes of all those who had waited patiently for two hours for their appearance.

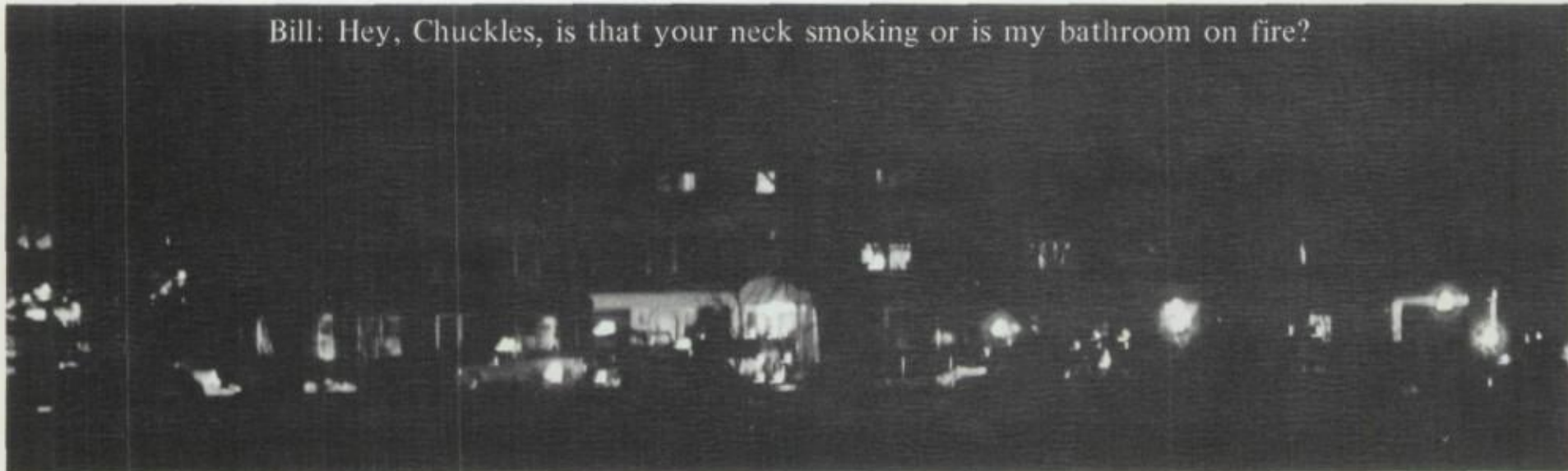
On a cold Saturday night just after Long Weekend, a fire in the Headmaster's House brought out a convoy of Groton fire fighters. Using the most modern fire fighting techniques, they extinguished the bathroom fire.

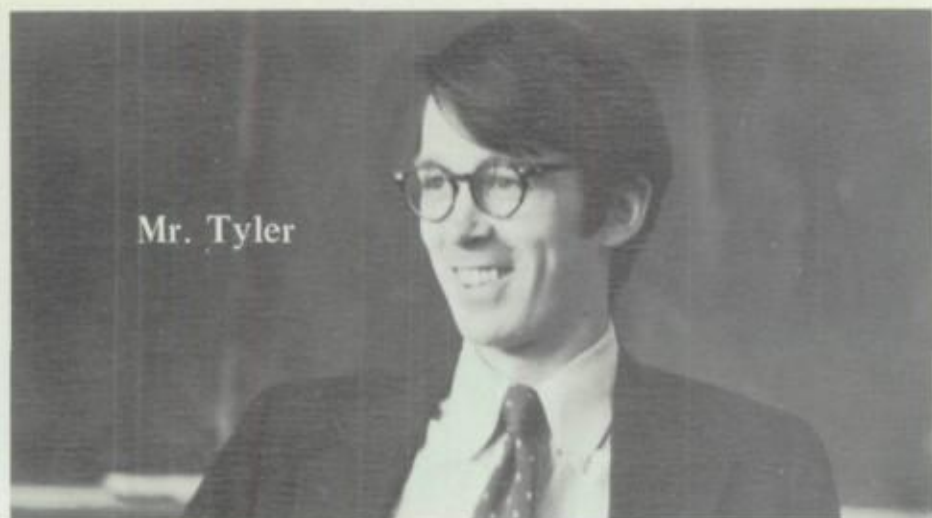
Hey, Mr. Sideman, why did the chicken cross the road?



Mr. Sideman

Bill: Hey, Chuckles, is that your neck smoking or is my bathroom on fire?

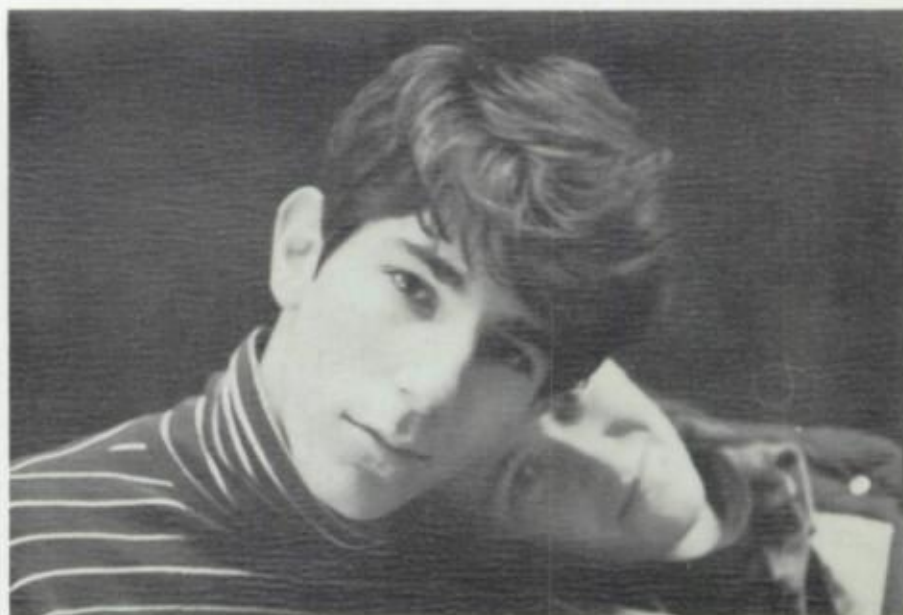




Mr. Tyler



Mr. Hardej



Mr. Dilworth



The boy's varsity hockey team deserved a better record than five wins and fourteen losses. They worked hard in practice, were very coachable, were never afraid to try new strategies, and did all that was asked of them.

Co-Captains Michael Sheedy and David Rimmer provided excellent leadership and received great support from fellow Sixth Formers Tony Borden, Digger Faesy, Rich Fox, J. P. Lowe, Minturn Osborne, Willy Packard, and David Wilmerding. Thanks to them, the morale of the team was high throughout the season. Fifth Formers Ben Colburn, Mike Curtis, Gus Rogerson, Steve Eyre, Stuart Kim, and Fourth Formers Jeb Brackbill, David Foster, and Greg Duff were all new to the team this year. Despite their collective inexperience, they all added a lot to the team and their play improved dramatically by the end of the season.

We defeated the Indiana State High School Champions Culver Military Academy to win the Groton-Lawrence Academy Christmas Tournament Consolation Trophy.

The three heartbreaking overtime losses to St. George's, Governor Drummer and league champion Middlesex will long be remembered.

This team has a lot to be proud of. Despite all the frustration they experienced, they never let it get to them. They never resorted to cheap shots and never quit trying. They were a real credit to the School.

Finally on behalf of all the players, I would like to thank the managers, Todd Andrews, Shep Brown and Michael Ward, for all their efforts on the team's behalf. Best of luck to next year's team and Co-Captains-elect Michael Curtis and Gus Rogerson.





Mr. Choate







The girl's ice hockey team was an enthusiastic and hard working group. Of the twenty-four girls who participated, twelve had never played hockey and three did not know how to skate before the season began. We had five Lawrence Academy girls who participated, twelve had never played asset to the program.

Our Third Form dynamic-duo of Anne Bingham and Isabelle Booth scored many goals. Defense players Suzy Keating, Claire Richards, Shelley Snyder, Adair Mali, Lily Zimmermann, Carie Fox, Pam Davis, and Lydia Faesy did an excellent job for us. We were pleased to welcome newcomers Mollie Rimmer, Becky White, Lauren Pittelli, and Holly Smevog to our program. Sabrina Guth returned after not playing last year. Diana Rathborne and Robin Kenny were excellent goalies. Bunny Forbes played both offense and defense, which was not easy.

I especially want to thank all of the seniors, many of whom helped to start girls' ice hockey at Groton. We will miss Suzy Keating, Amanda Hodgson, Shelley Snyder, Laura Gardner and Claire Richards. I am looking forward to working with newly elected co-Captains Adair Mali and Ann Whitmore. I particularly want to thank Ann Tottenham, whose support and good humor helped to make the season such an enjoyable one.



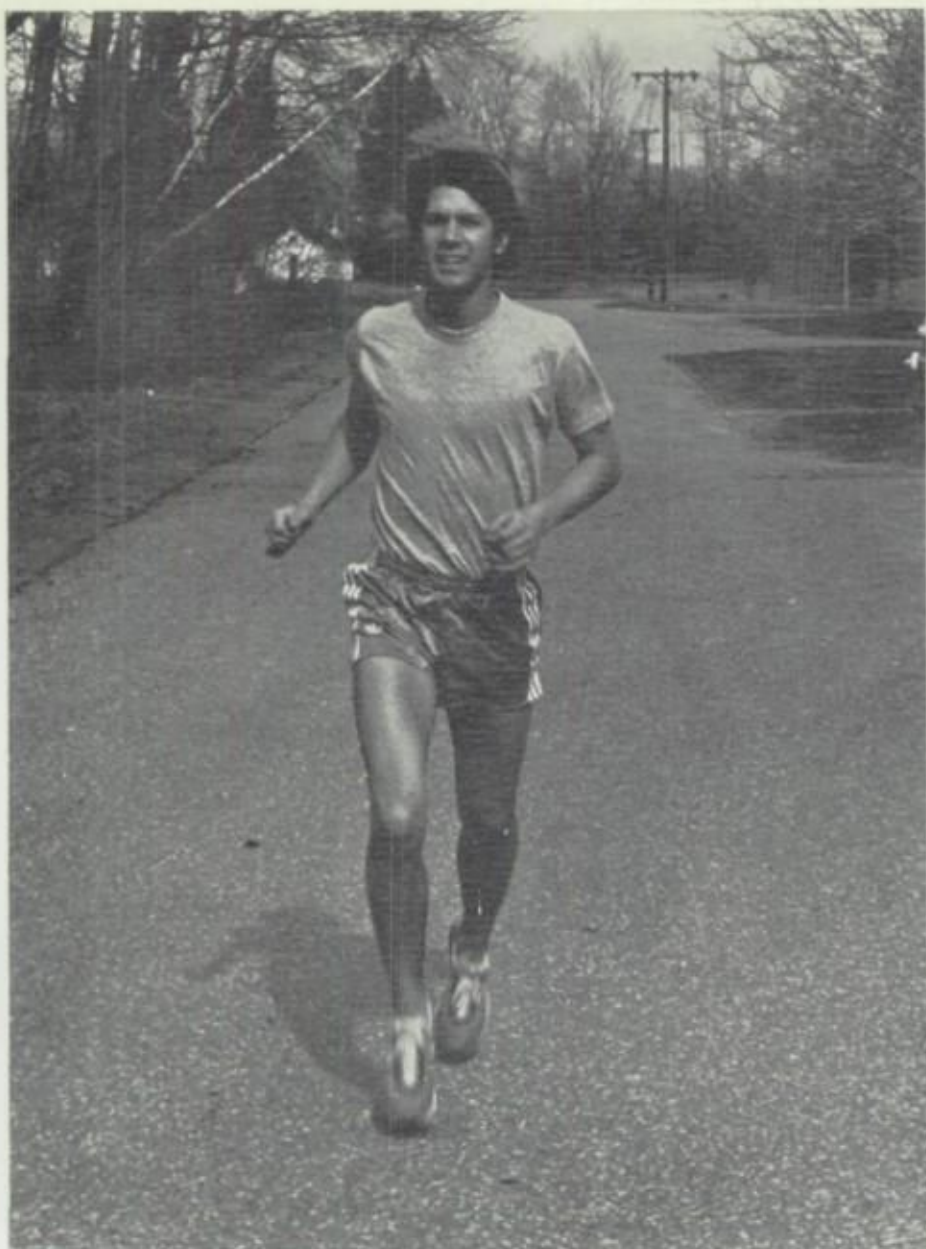


The varsity girls' and varsity boys' cross-country ski teams both finished a strong third in the Independent School Ski Association standings. Of special note were the over-all performances of Captain-elect Adam Beaudin, Captain Matt Pearson, Sarah Sewall, and Captain-elect Kathy Roberts, who finished second, sixth, third, and fifth respectively in the individual Association standings.

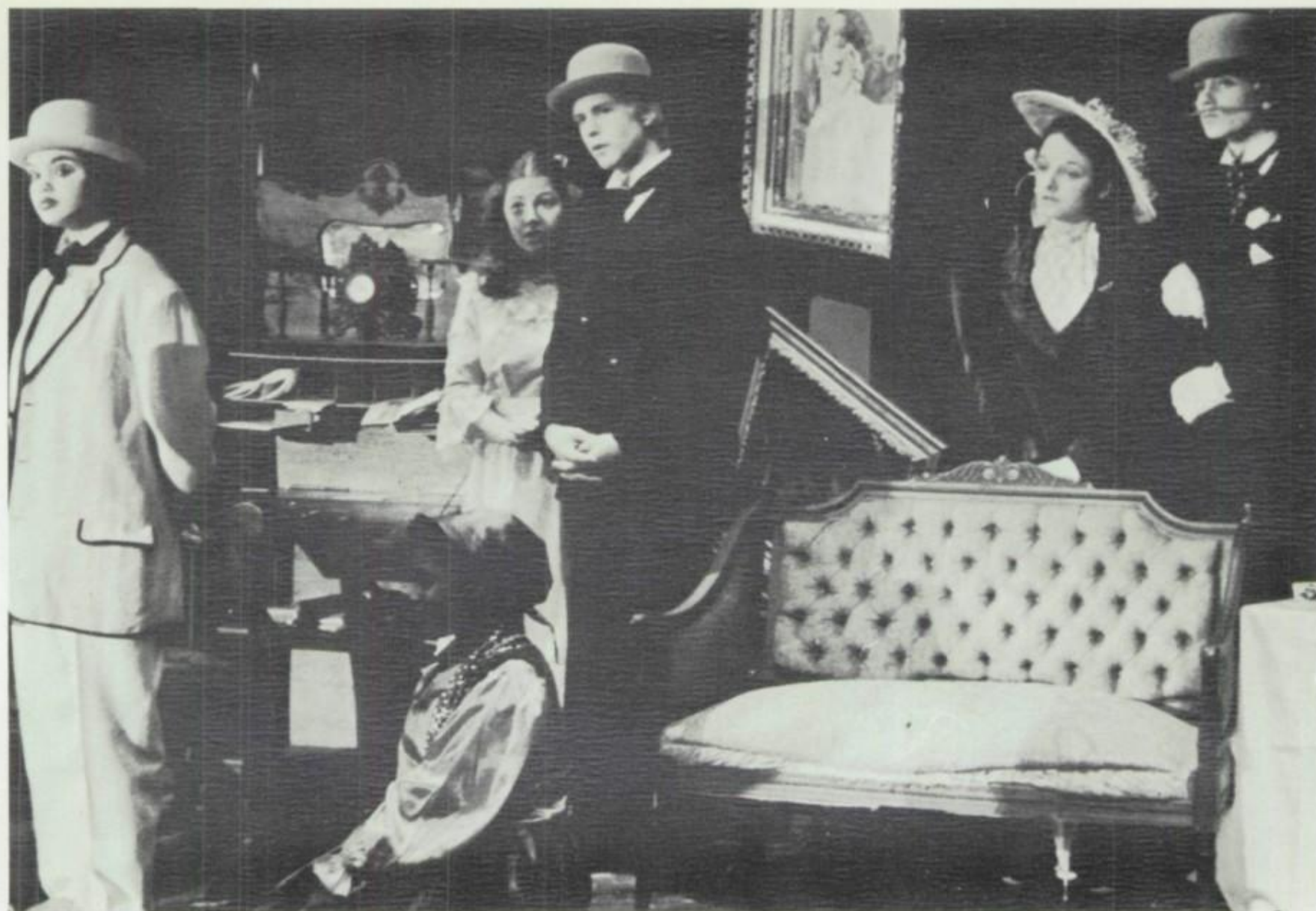
Despite little snow and generally poor conditions throughout the winter, Groton hosted two meets, winning easily over Lawrence in late January and placing second in both boys' and girls' competition in a six team meet that brought 92 racers to the campus. The three Association meets, held at a touring center in New Hampshire, and a five school race at Governor Dummer rounded out the season.

Special thanks go to Captain Matt Pearson whose leadership, along with that of Sixth Formers Sarah Sewall, John Steinert, and Ernie Tracy, helped greatly and to Mr. Sideman whose help was greatly appreciated. Adam Beaudin and Kathy Roberts can look forward to a strong nucleus of returning letter winners in John Gannon, Anne Hamel, Bill Perry, Hilary Callahan, Adam Greene, Thayer Collins, and Nancy Gorczyca, along with Third Former Chris Dorn and Fifth Former Laura Howat.









The Winter Groton School Dramatics Association production was Jean Giradoux's *The MadWoman of Chaillot*. It is a play about the importance of dreams and the preservation of past happiness—and maybe a few pleasant illusions. It is a play to make you smile and sigh and remember a few things from long ago that you had almost forgotten. The main character of the play lives her dream, and her defense of that dream against all odds lends us courage to defend our own dreams from the destructive forces of reality.

Alexandra Phillips, in the title role, exhibited a sensitive understanding of the dream-life of the MadWoman, moving through her performance with a degree of wit, sincerity and utter elegance extraordinary in a person her age, and creating a spirit that was incandescent in its love of life, love of beauty, and love of love.

Peter Cook's portrayal of the utterly canny, utterly self-concerned, and utterly sophisticated President was a triumph, polished from moustache to spats, with a sense of comic timing that was strictly professional.

Jay Hass and Claudia Lewis, as the Ragpicker and Deaf-Mute, played off each other marvelously: the Ragpicker poor but unresentful, aware but not bitter, open yet unafraid; the Deaf-Mute seeing and knowing all and wanting only to dance.

The three ladies-in-waiting to the MadWoman were exceptional in their performances. Alice Perera whose haughty arrogance infuriated and convulsed the audience; Rachel Chapman, whose bubbly,

blushing, baby-voiced mincings were a delight; and Adele DeWitt, whose illogical logic and humorous intelligence solved the problems of the world with a fractured Latin quotation.

Melissa Galt and Peter Forbes made a disarmingly innocent couple. Alex Chatfield was as sleek and suave as the dissipated Baron, and newcomer John McNiff did an excellent job in his portrayal of the folksy, up-country, and snakily evil Prospector.

Supporting the cast with style and vigor were a veritable army of vagabonds, street gypsies, ladies of the evening, and civil servants complete with credentials. The energy and individuality of each of these players were remarkable, and they gave a flair to the entire show. Juggling, playing the violin, dancing, peddling, singing, flirting, laughing, unicycling—all were in evidence in this group. Mike Mitchell's excellent direction, as always, spoke for itself, giving a glow and a polish to be marvelled at.

The Tech Staff, led again by Ernie Hockens, combined eight weeks of thought with two weeks of hard work and late nights to come up with two superb sets. John Dlouhy designed the elaborate and stylish set for the cellar scenes.

The MadWoman of Chaillot was dark and light, past and future, happy and melancholy; it had a strong steel thread of hope and possibility running through it, like a Chopin Nocturne, which tugged at our hearts. And it is my sincere belief that there still is an old lady living in the cellar of 21 Rue de Chaillot in Paris. . . .

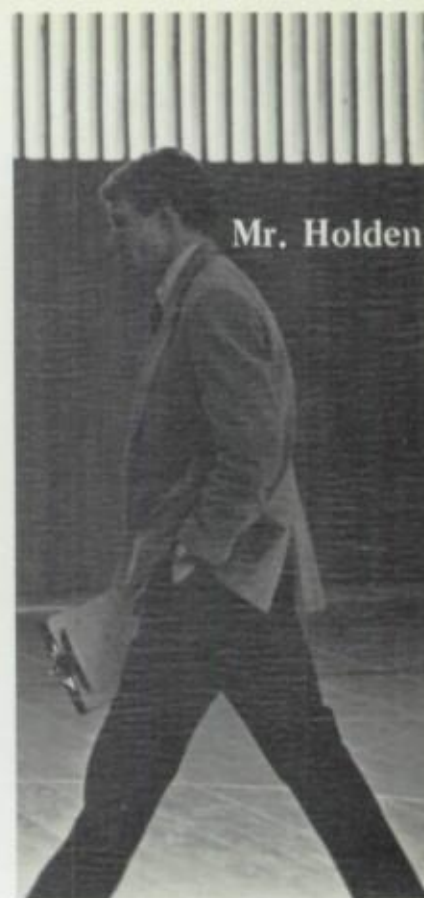


This year's boys' basketball team was strong, with a good balance of experienced returning lettermen and good young Fourth and Fifth Form talent, but the season ended with a disappointing 6-9 record.

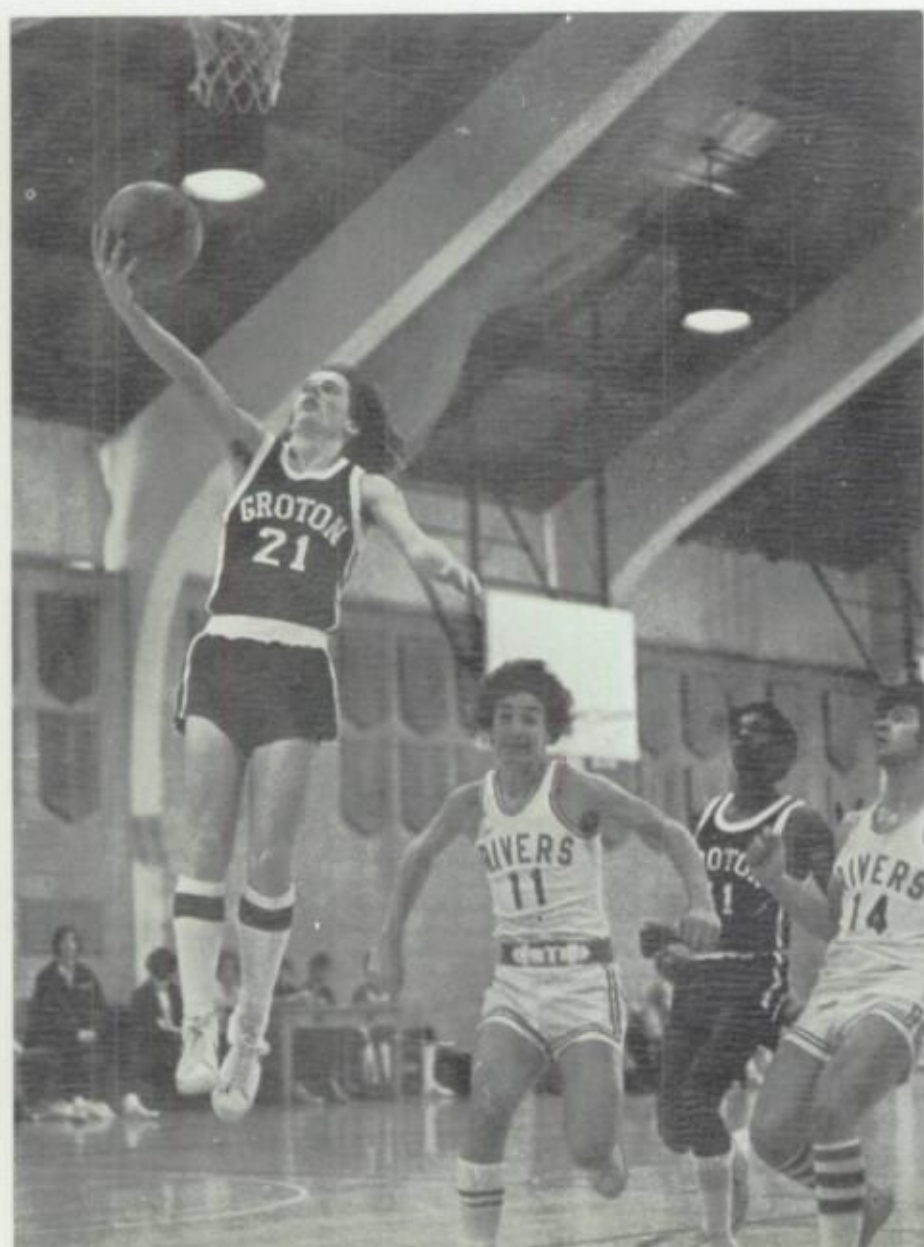
The returning lettermen were Captain Gayland Trim, Senior Peter Fleming and Junior James Hicks, who was the team's leading scorer. These three players provided most of the team's offense and rebounding, scoring on the average of thirty-eight points between them per game and pulling down an average of twenty-five rebounds. The remainder of the offense and defense was provided by a mixing of the remaining six players, Senior Mark Ousley, Juniors Tim Forster and Emmett O'Donnell, and Sophmores Tony Ashby, Andrew Gansa, and Andrew Walter.

The highlights of the season came when Lawrence was defeated 59-55 in a double overtime with James Hicks hitting two free throws to put the game into the second overtime period for Groton's first league victory. There was a solid victory against B.B. & N., 69-55, with a strong team effort, and a hard-earned victory against Middlesex, 53-49, in a 45 degree field house.





Mr. Holden





The girls' varsity basketball team, led by Captain Angie Harris in an aggressive offensive attack and Captain Sarah Clark, with a consistently tough defensive performance, won ten games and only lost four. The other starters were high scorer of the season Lukie Osborne, with 176 points, Nicole Piasecki, with 116 points, and the most improved player, Sally Townsend. First off the bench was Joan Hirschhorn, who played some of the finest defense we saw all year. Alex Steinert, Robin Miller, Julie Medlinsky, and Jen Cunningham provided the depth needed when the going got rough.

One of the highlights of the season was watching Sally Townsend and the young talent of Alex Steinert come alive and spark the whole team to a come-from-behind victory against St. Paul's.

Disappointing losses were to B.B. & N., undefeated in their season, and Nobles, whose full-court press denied us the offensive opportunity we needed to score.

The season ended strong as we defeated St. Mark's 33-26 and then entered the I.S.L.C. Tournament. In tournament play we won an exciting first round victory against Windsor 29-14. In the semi-finals we gave tough opposition to the number one seed, Lexington Christian Academy, and fought bravely as we fouled out four of our five starters and lost 43-36.

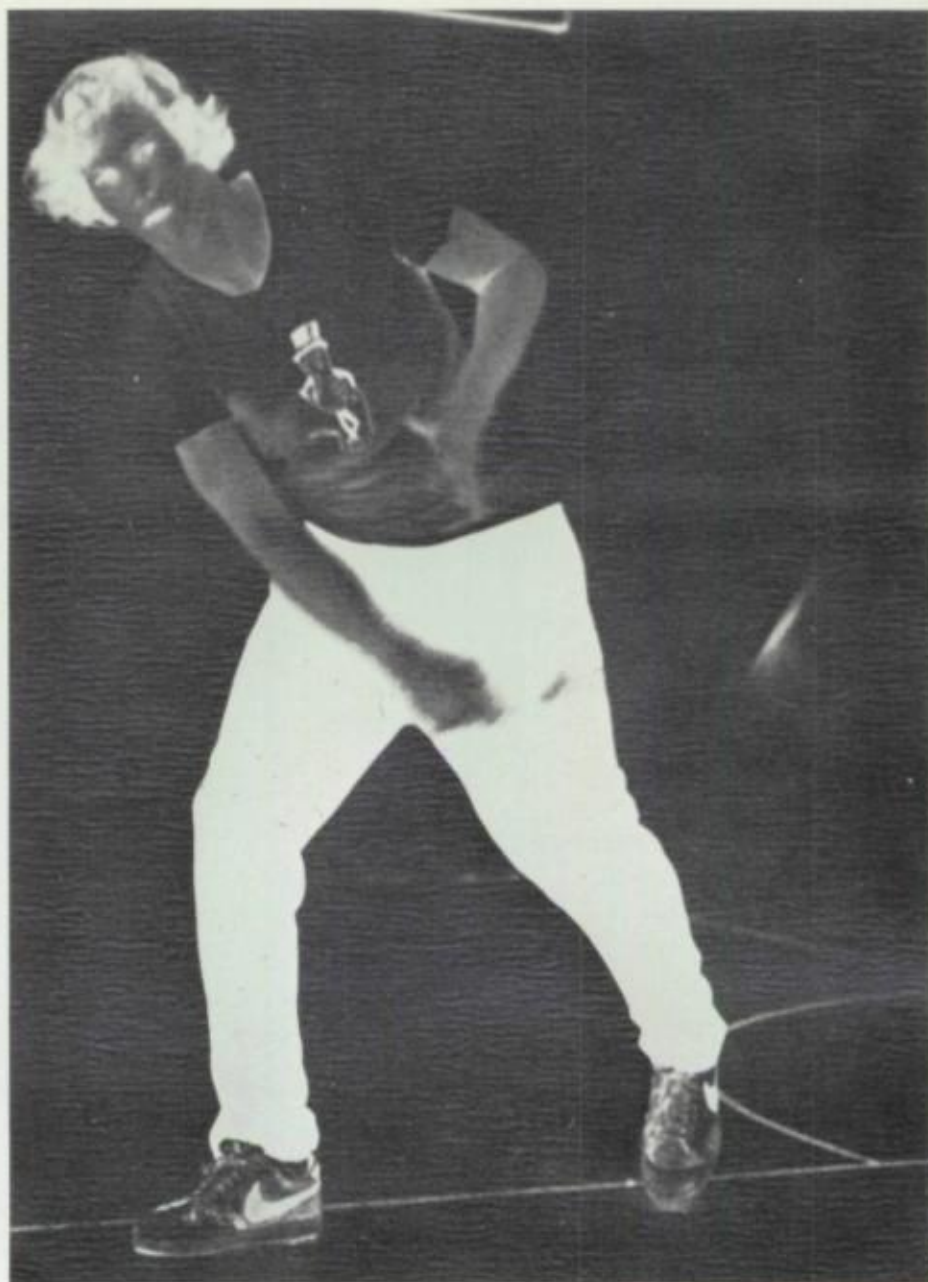
Next year's team, with the return of seven members, will be hard to beat. I wish you good luck—spelled work.





The 1978-79 girls' squash team completed a successful season with a record of six wins and four losses. Led by co-Captains Amy Cunningham and Sarah Greenhill and ably supported by Sarah Spurdle, Elliot Davis, Lynn Piasecki, Emily Knowlton, and Sarah Alexander, the team showed great improvement in only its third year and easily beat teams from Middlesex, Milton and Exeter. The only losses came from the traditionally strong teams, Andover and St. Paul's. The team played its best match of the season against last year's interscholastic champion St. Paul's as Cunningham and Davis each won close matches. Spurdle, Piasecki and Greenhill each won their first games, creating great hopes for an upset, but none could hold her early leads, and the match was narrowly lost, 3-2. The team's improvement throughout the season was due to a lot of hard work and excellent conditioning.

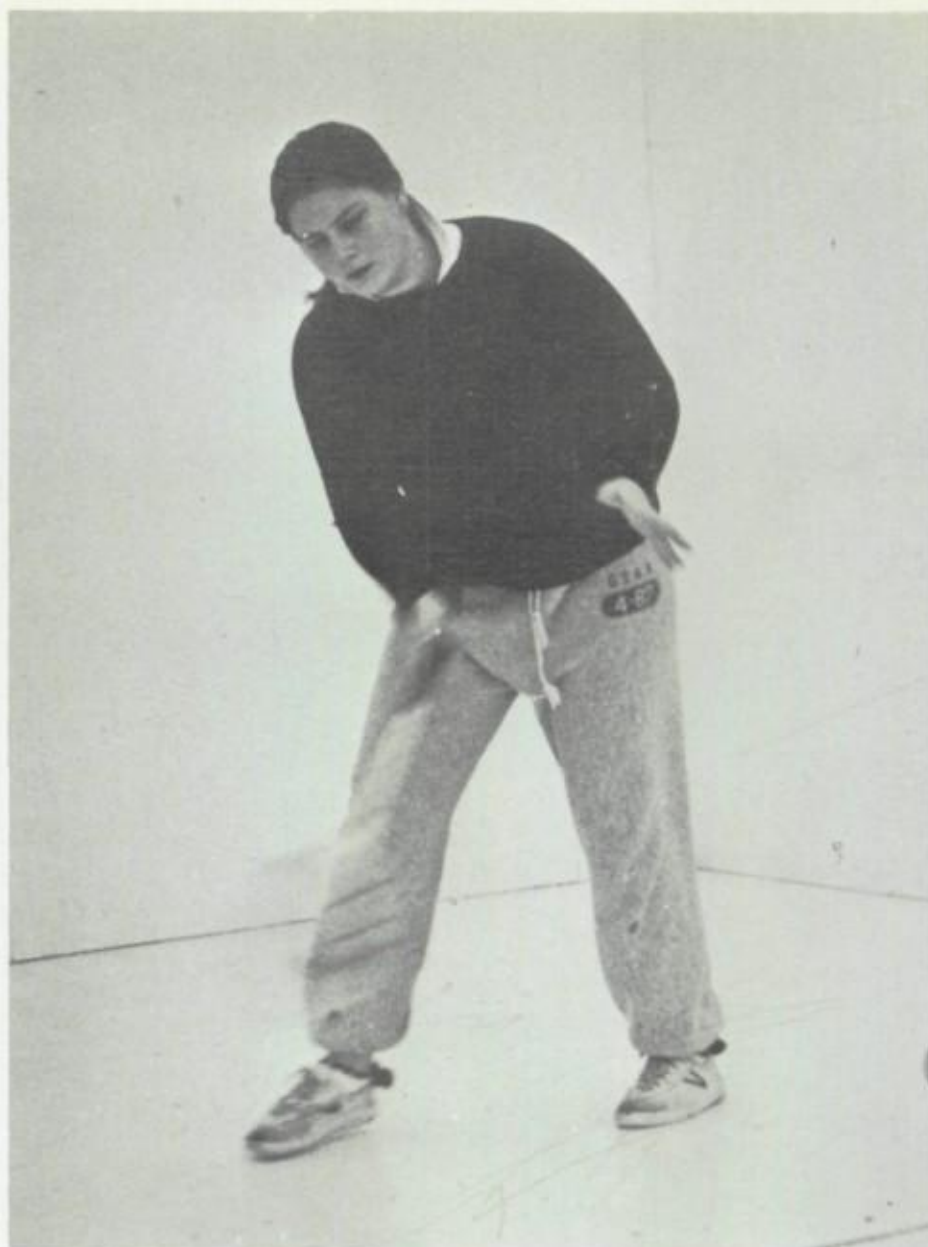
The JV, consisting of Eliza Storey, Alexandra McGovern, Emily Stanley, Christa Herbert, Lori Bornstein and Ruth Sharp, also showed improvement and finished with a record of four wins, three losses and a tie.

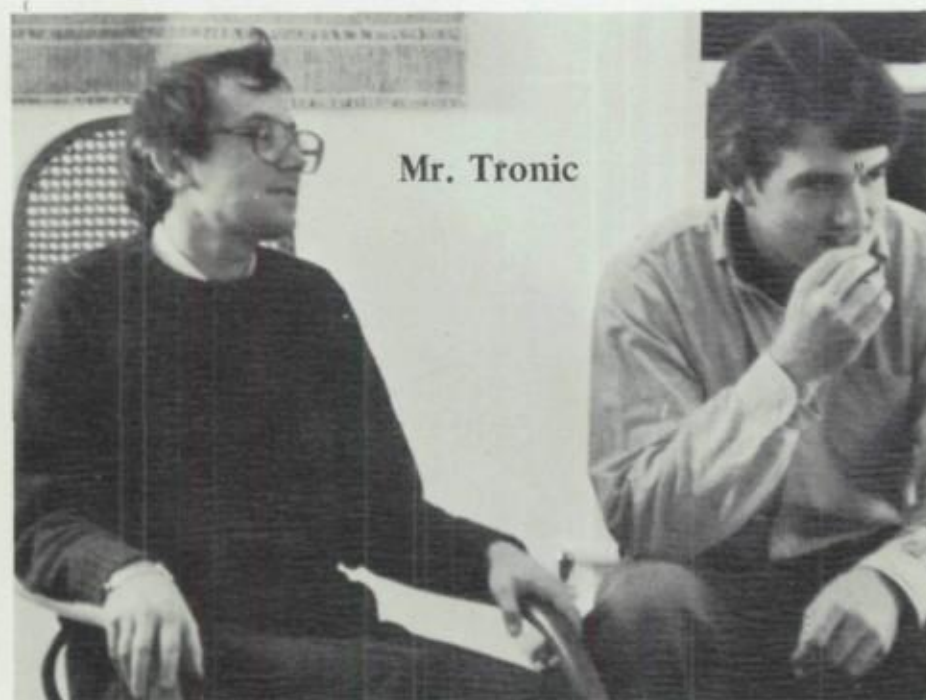


The 1979 squash team broke even winning six matches. Tom Hoopes provided fine leadership as captain and struggled heroically at the tough number one spot. Mark Jacobson had his best season and ended with a 7-5 record. Ted Wheeler showed a fine shot-making ability and was number two for the last five matches. Steve Higginson demonstrated a great will to win and is blessed with quickness: he won ten out of twelve matches. Tom Bator won twice in four appearances before being injured. Captain-elect Peter Beatty showed tremendous improvement and finished with a 5-3 record in varsity play. John Rich, Judson Reis, David Black, Harry Davison, and Jim Conzelman compiled a six win and two loss record at the J.V. level. We shall miss Hoopes, Jacobson, Higginson, Bator, Rich, and Reis, who graduate. Special thanks to David Bannard for his counsel and support and to John Fishwick and Frank Gelandin, who came out from Harvard to practice with the team.

Middlesex	4-1	Milton	2-3
Amherst H.S.	6-1	B.M.S.	3-2
Brooks	2-3	Middlesex	5-0
B.M.S.	1-4	Brooks	2-3
Exeter	0-5	Harvard	3-2
S.P.S.	1-4	M.I.T. '82	5-0

Interscholastics at Exeter—Groton placed fifth out of seventeen schools as Higginson lost in the finals of the number three competition.

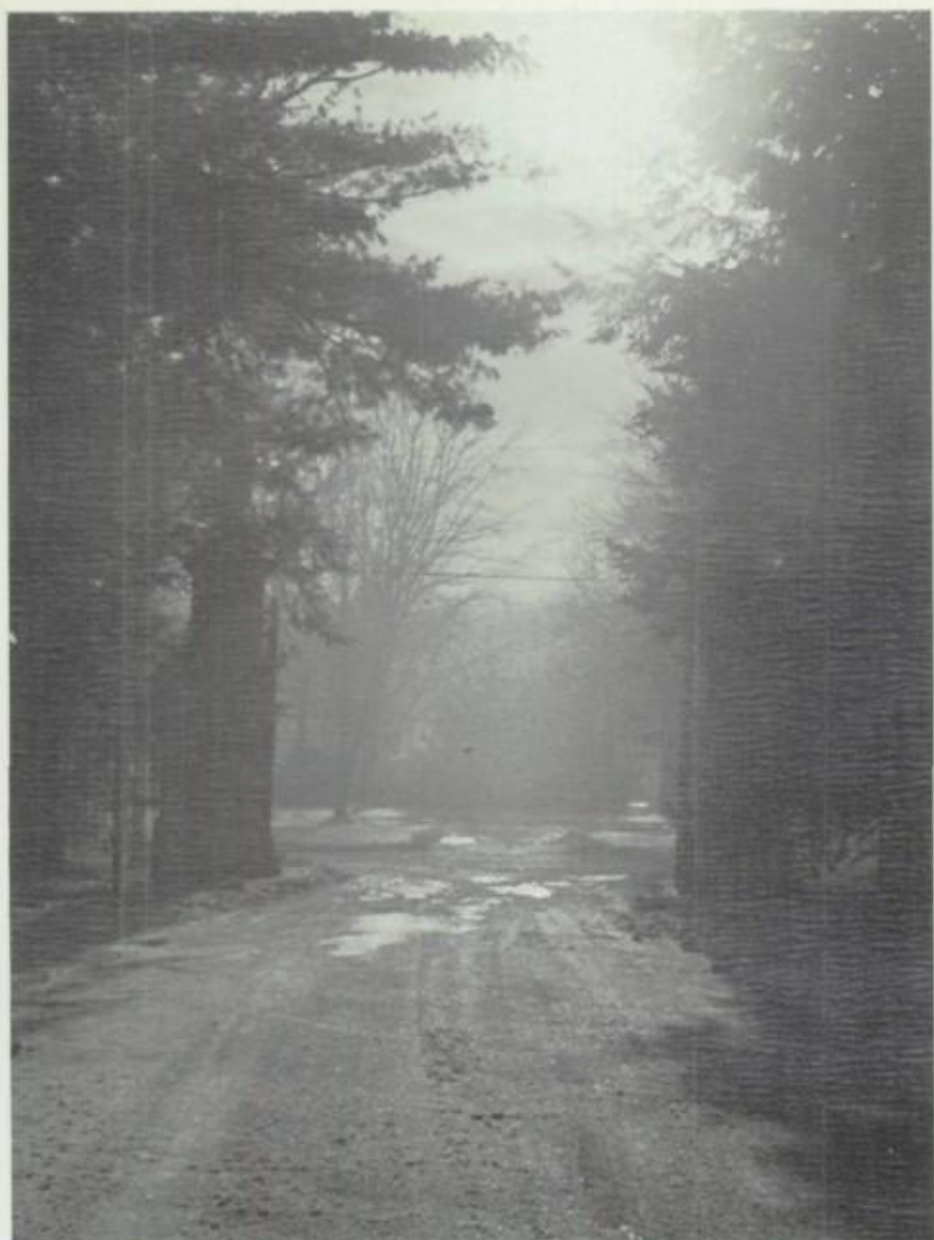




As the term was winding down, the faculty began to make plans for next year. Hobart headed out to his old school, Western Reserve Academy, to become a dean. Mr. Booth and Mr. Parker accepted Headmasterships at St. Bernard's and Emma Willard. The best news of the term (and the least surprising) was the engagement of Mr. Bannard and Miss Johns, who treated us at dinner with eloquent speeches and blushing faces.

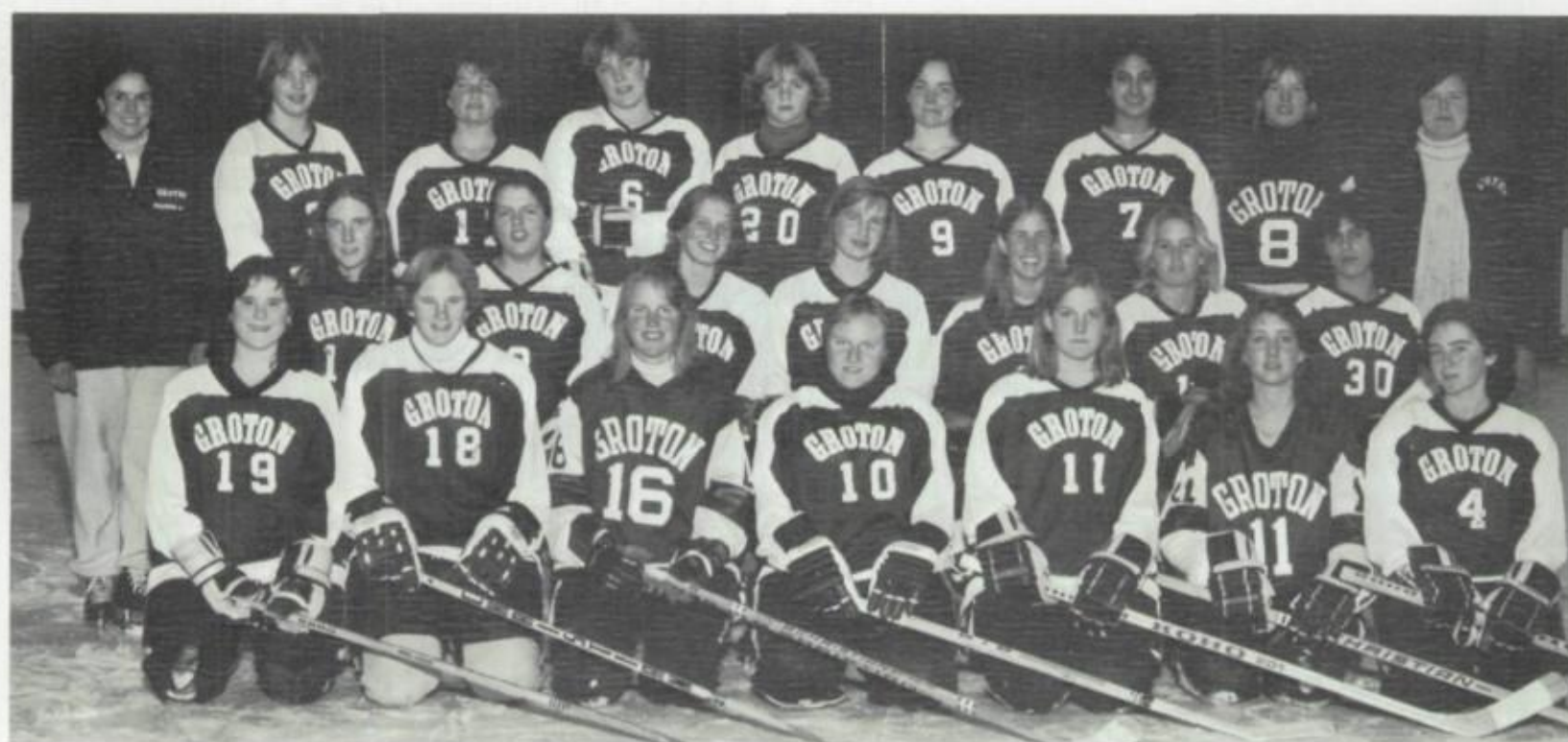
Saturday night debates came back and Todd's other undertaking, *The Grotonian*, was aided by his innovative policy of bypassing the editorial board. He produced two issues, helped by the all-night efforts of Tony Borden. The stolen film infuriated Mr. Tronic and saddened the rest of us, as we realized that we would lose five movies in the spring. This winter, the Blizzard of '78 was replaced by the Blight of '79, but the School survived to see the renaissance of the Spring Term.







Rear Row. Andrews (Mgr.), Kim, G. Rogerson, Brackbill, Colburn, Mike Curtis, Duff, Foster, Mr. Choate.
Front Row. R. Fox, Lowe, D. Faesy, D. Rimmer, (Capt.), Sheedy (Capt.), D. Wilmerding, Borden, Packard, Eyre.



Rear Row. Mrs. Holden, Smevog, Herman, Mali, Johnson, C. Fox, L. Pittelli, Kenny, Miss Tottenham.
Second Row. L. Faesy, Snyder, A. Bingham, Booth, White, Forbes, S. Guth.
Front Row. Hodgson, Whittemore, L. Gardner, Keating, Zimmerman, P. Davis, Richards.



Back Row. Dlouhy, Cook, Forbes, Carvalho, McNiff, Hart, Chatfield, Philips, Hass.
Second Row. Esslinger, Chigas, Galt, Smith, Smith, Perera, Libby, Beach, Lewis.
Front Row. Bennett, Wells, Landau, Jaskot, DeWitt, Sampas, Walker, Chapman.



Rear Row. Mr. Holden, O'Donnell, P. Fleming, Trim (Capt.), Hicks, A. Walter, Monts (Mgr.), Smith (Mgr.).
Front Row. Gansa, Ashby, T. Forster, Ousley.



Rear Row. N. Piasecki, J. Cunningham, Hirschorn, Medlinsky, L. Osborne, Miller, A. Steipert, Mrs. Schena, Townsend.
Front Row. Harris (Capt.), G. Schena, Clark (Capt.).



Rich, Higginson, Reis, Wheeler, Mr. Alexander, T. Bator, Beatty, Jacobson.
Missing: Hoopes (Capt.).

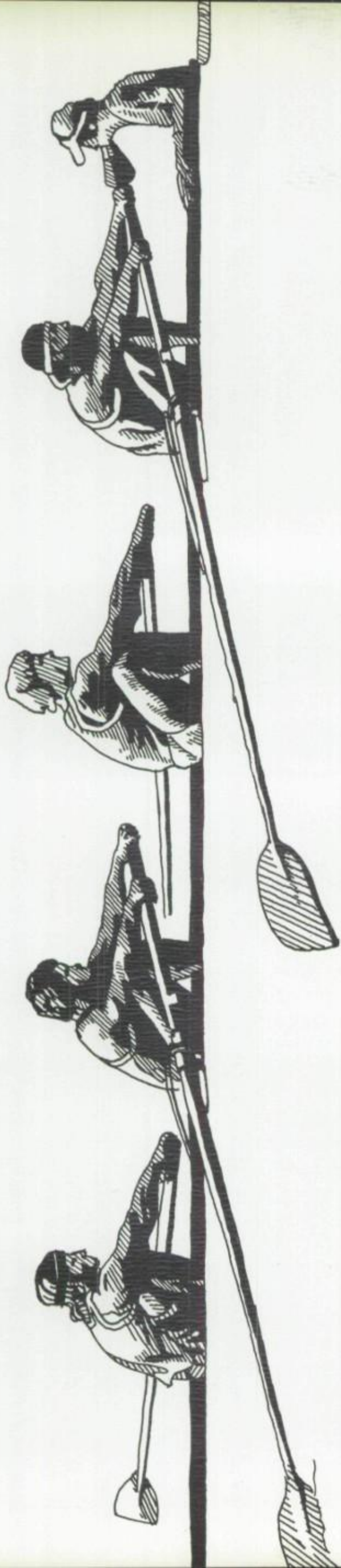


E. Davis, L. Piasecki, Knowlton, Mr. Bannard, A. Cunningham (Capt.), Greenhill, Alexander, Spurdle.

Rear Row. Mr. Camp, J. Storey, Tracy, Wiley, J. Steinert.
Third Row. Perry, A. Green, Pearson (Capt.), Callahan, Sewall,
K. Roberts.
Second Row. Mr. Sideman, Blow, Beaudin, Gannon, Howat.
Front Row. Hamel, Gorzyca, T. Collins, Dorn, Alevezious.



SPRING





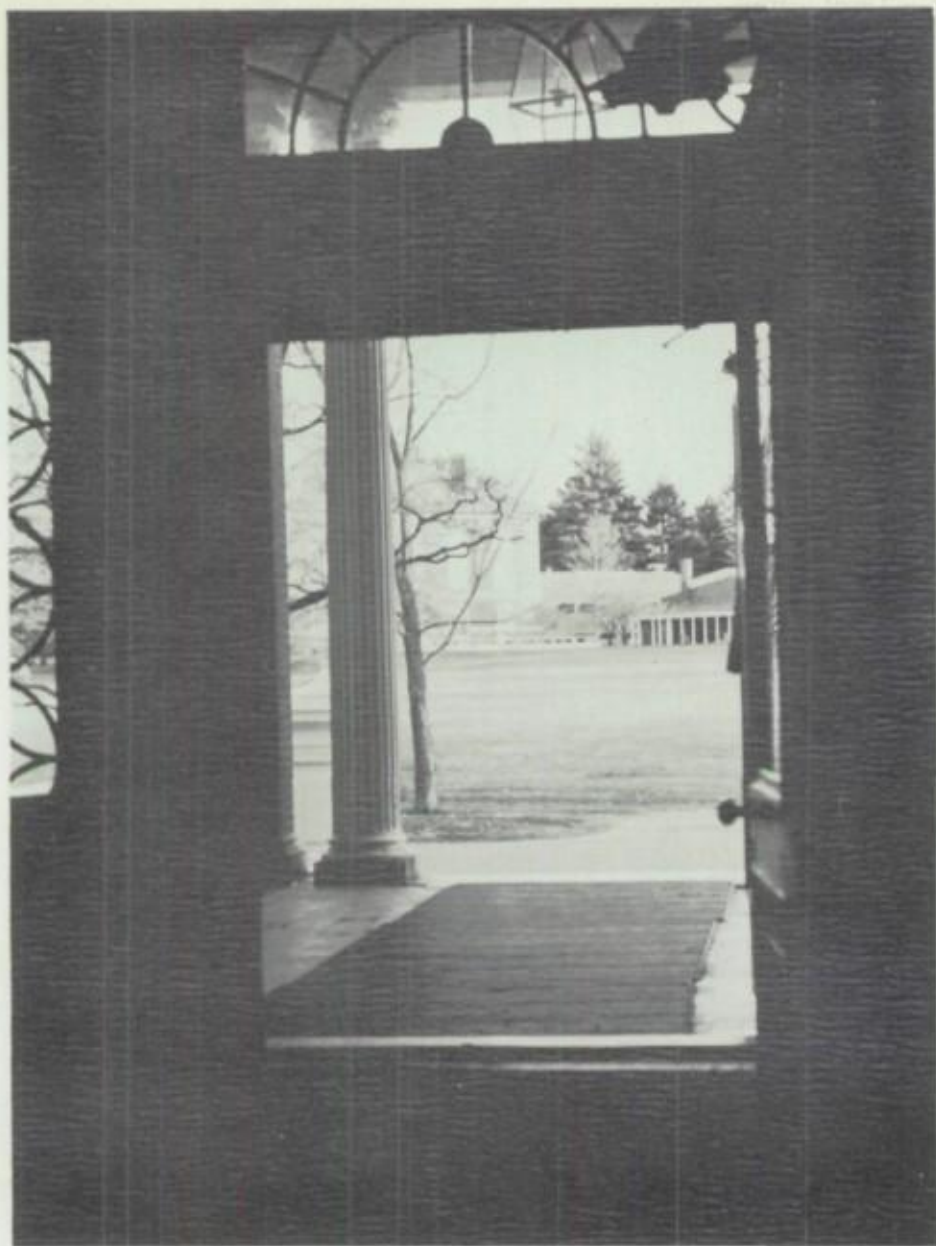
Spring at Groton starts in the third week of the term. We get a solid week of rain and a week when the heat works overtime, and everybody wonders what happened to those few 70 degree days we had in February. Then the sun breaks through the clouds and at least warms up the afternoons, though the mornings are still unforgivingly cold.

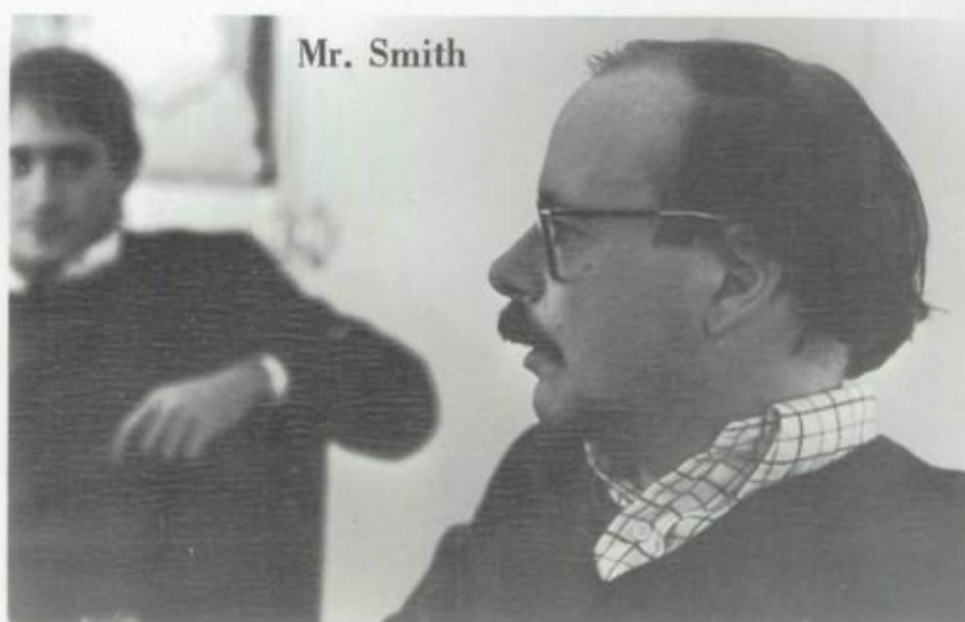
Sooner or later we wake up one morning to find that we've forgotten to close the shades and the morning sun is hitting us right in the eyes. Spring is here. Open windows overflow with music as the Circle is bombarded with stickball bats, lacrosse sticks, frisbees, and Grotties in Bermuda shorts and spring skirts. The unit 8 sun-deck opens its seasonal business; the more serious students combine work and pleasure by reading on the Circle.

It seems like everything moves outdoors in the spring. The rink, the gym, and the squash courts are replaced

by the river, the diamond, and the clay courts; classroom blackboards are replaced by the green grass of the Circle and sometimes even the stone walls of the Chapel give way to the trimmed hedges of the Garth. The Webb Marshall Room terrace is the place to be, at least for those who haven't forsaken the Dining hall in favor of a bicycle trip to Johnson's. The Dining Hall also gets into the act with an occasional Friday night cook-out, though the mosquitoes seem to eat more than we do.

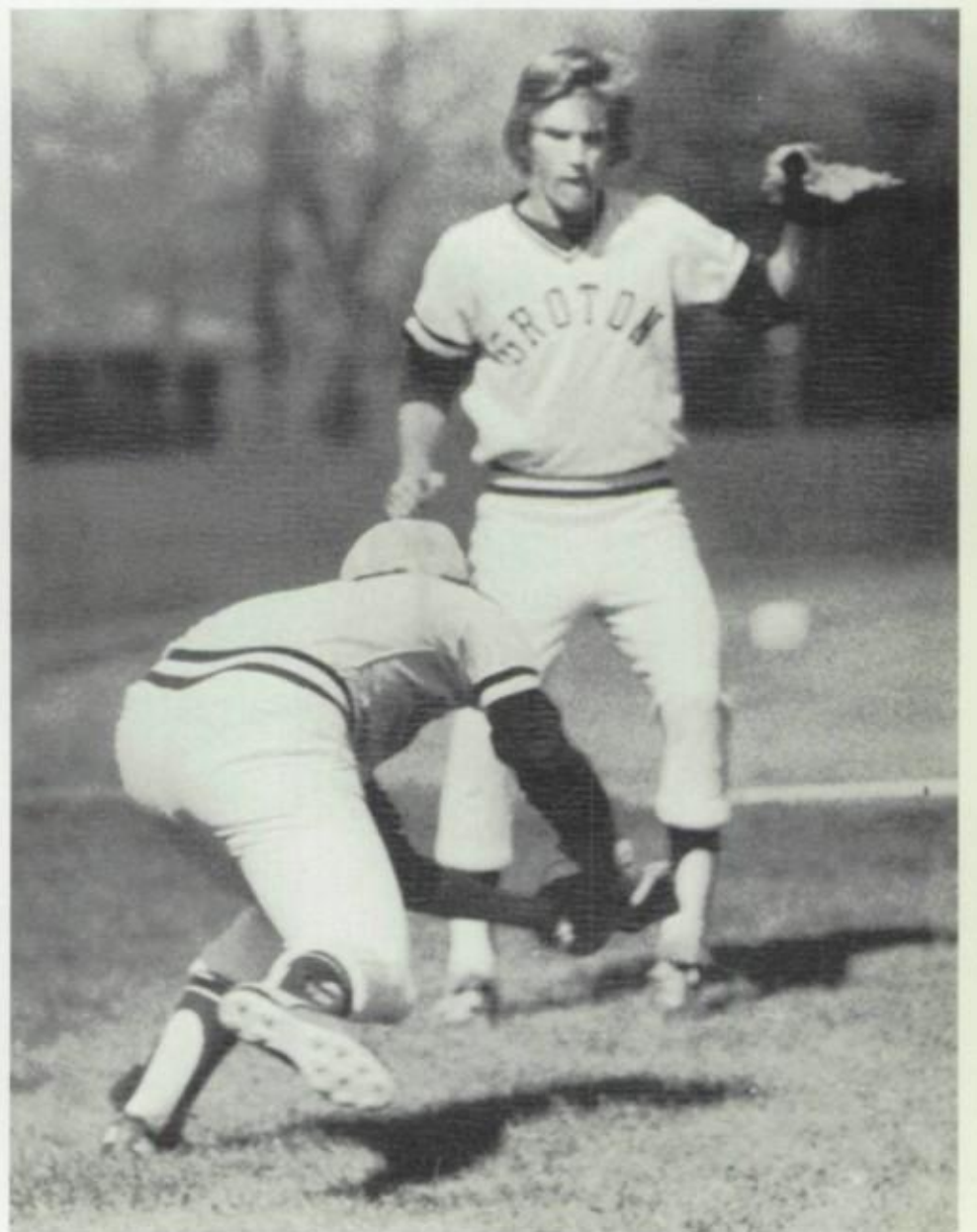
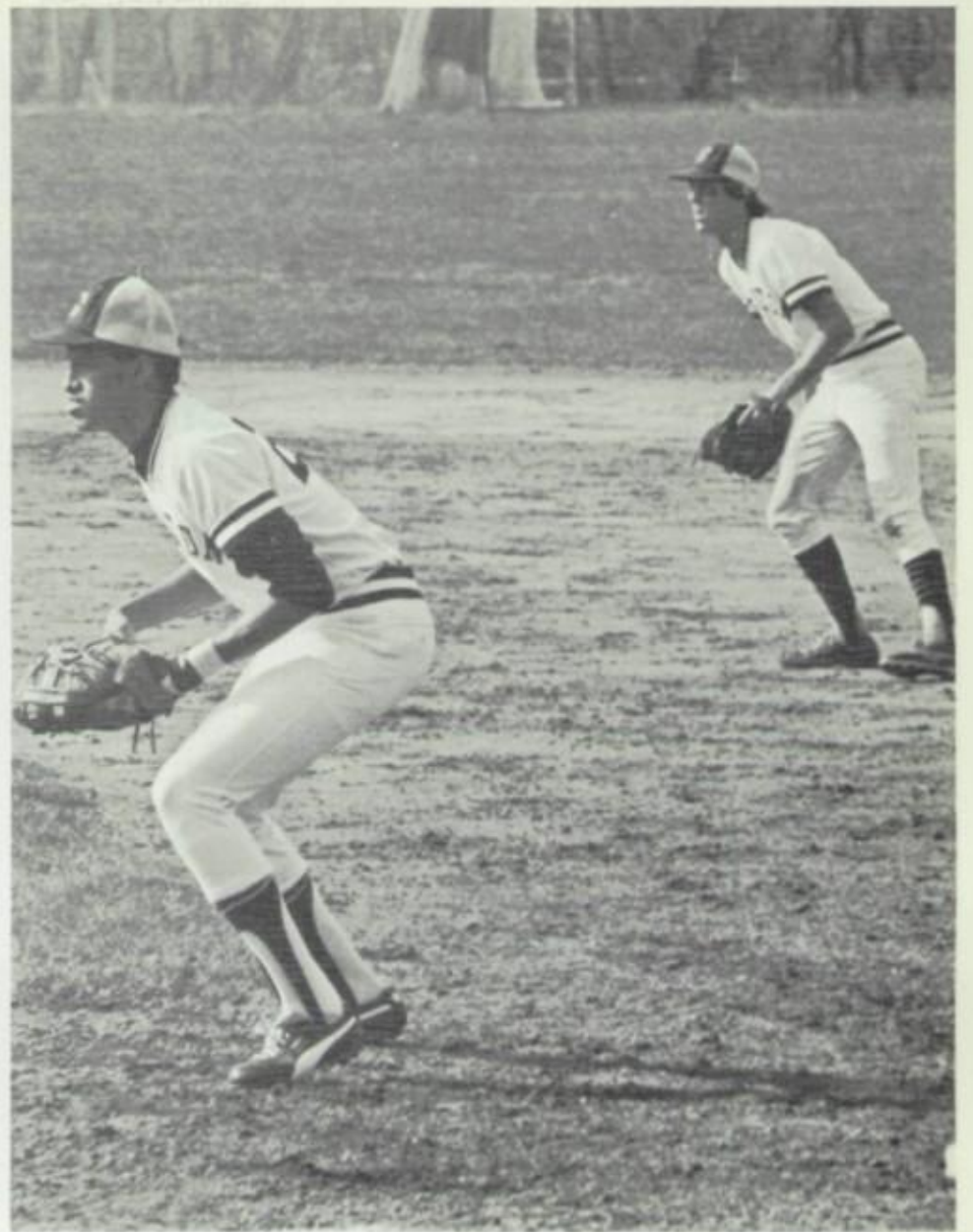
The long warm days are a gracious invitation to concentrate less on our studies and more on ourselves. It's an invitation most of us accept. Spring romances blossom all around, and our self-indulgence shows itself in afternoon swims at Harvey's Pond or Harvey's Rec. and evening gatherings on the J.V. baseball field. The sun seems to bring out the best in us, and part of the time, at least, our grown-up seriousness is overcome by a child-like passion for enjoying ourselves.

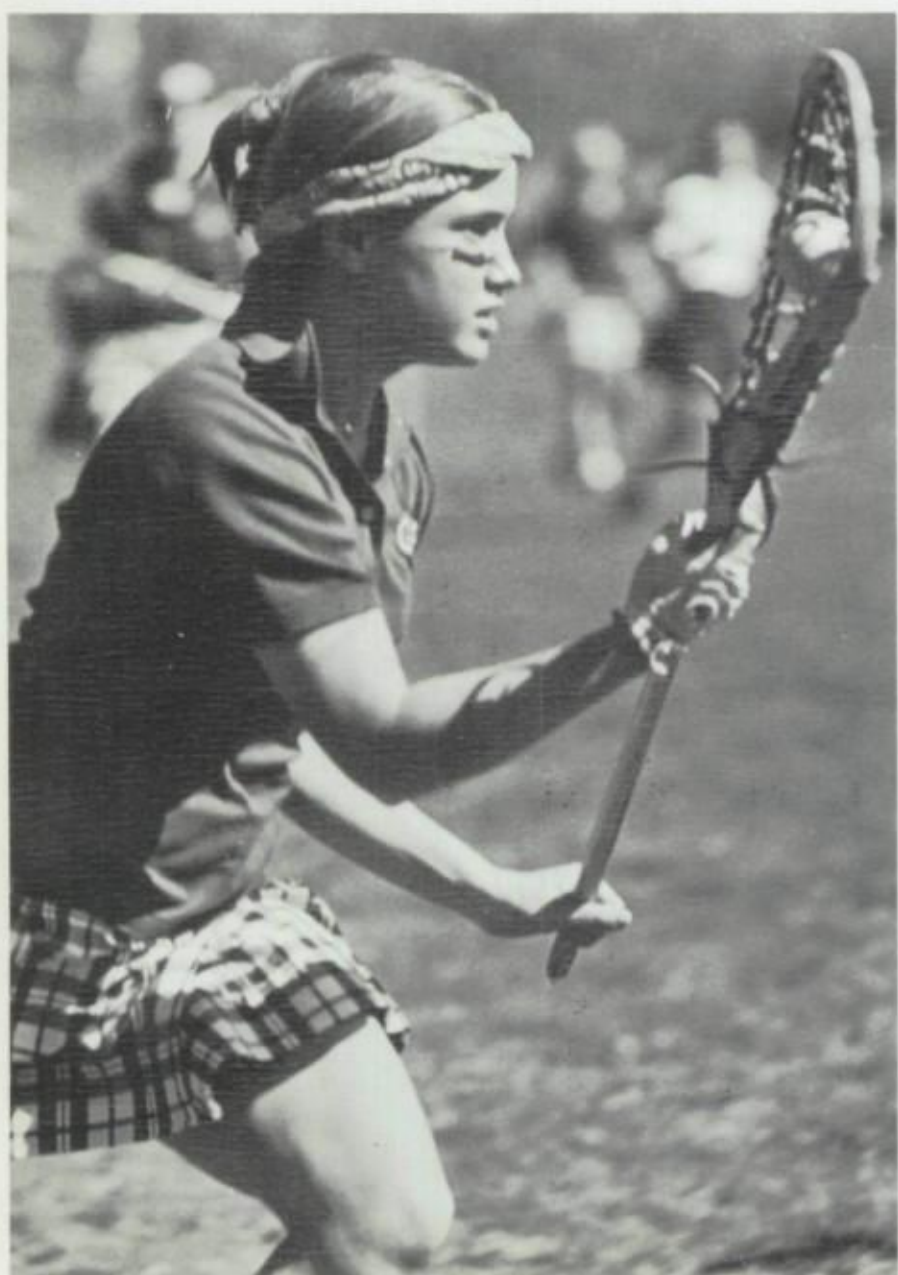














Miss Johns



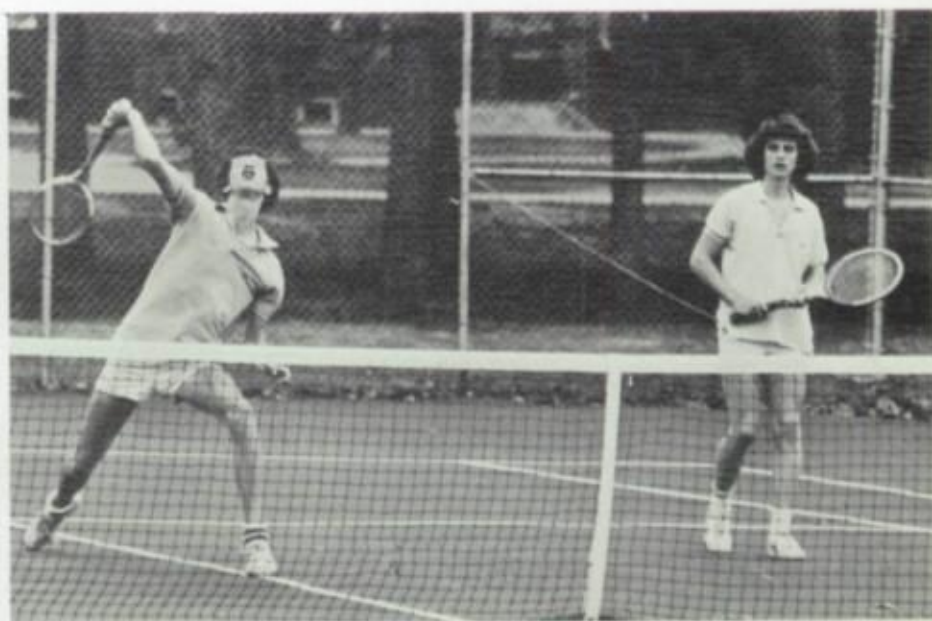
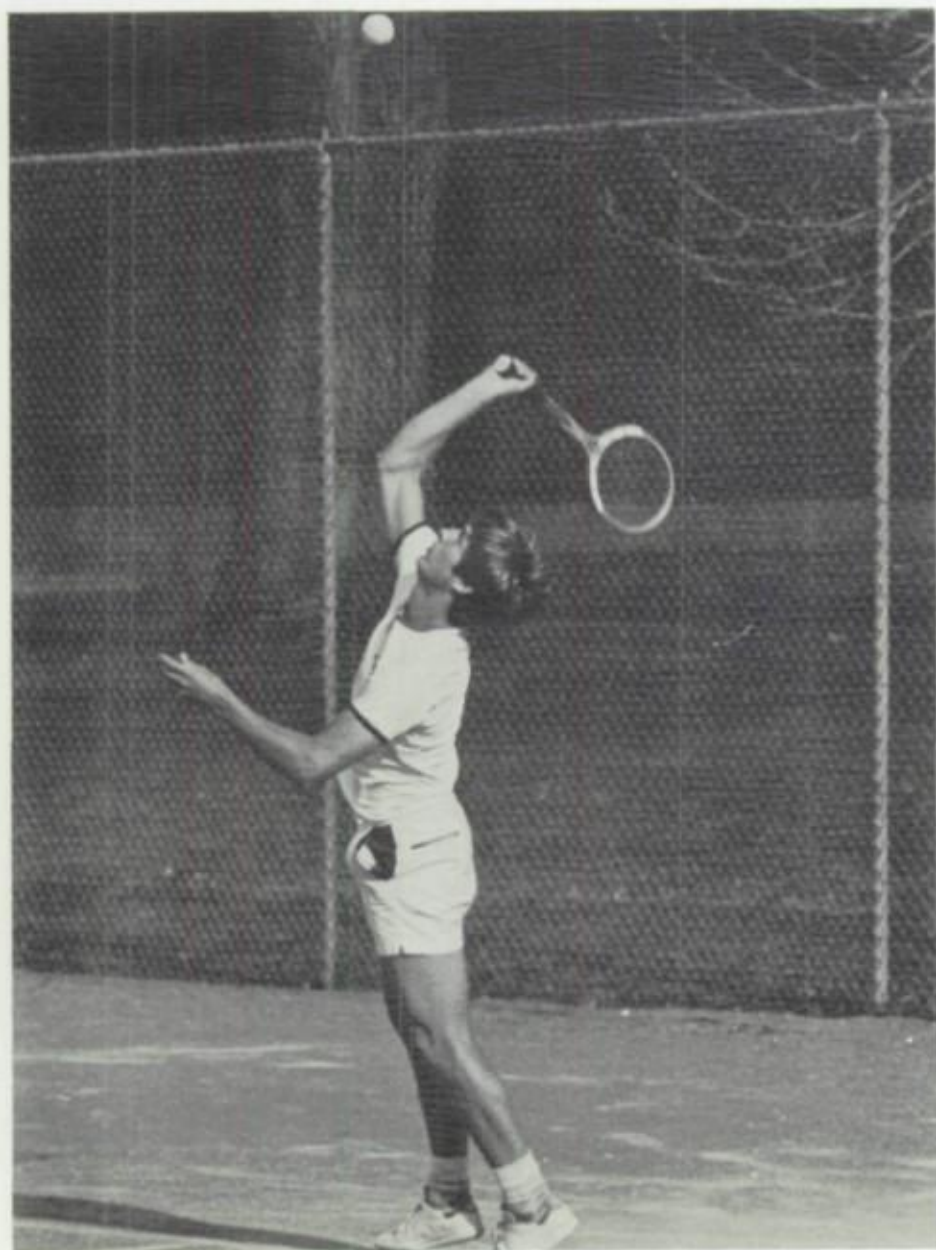
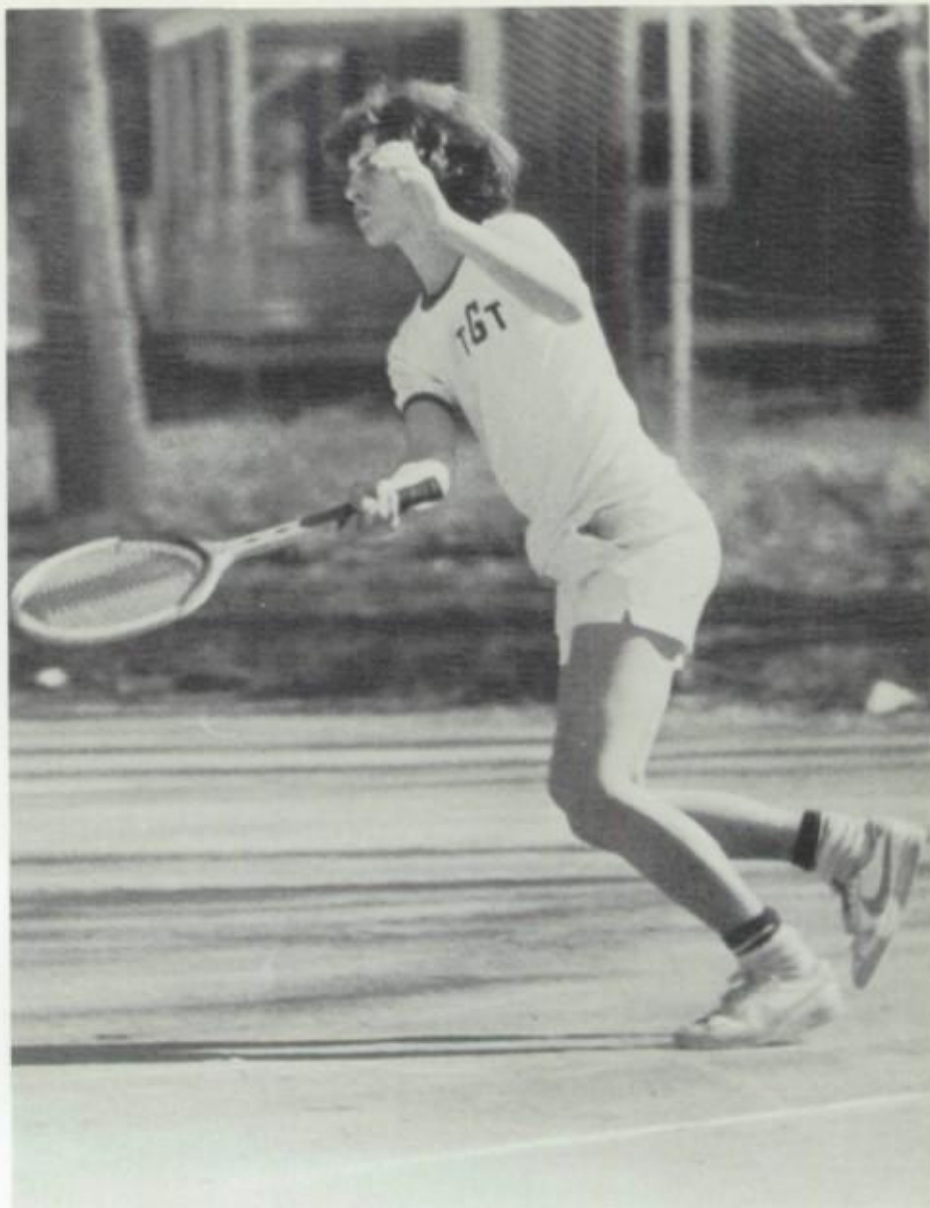
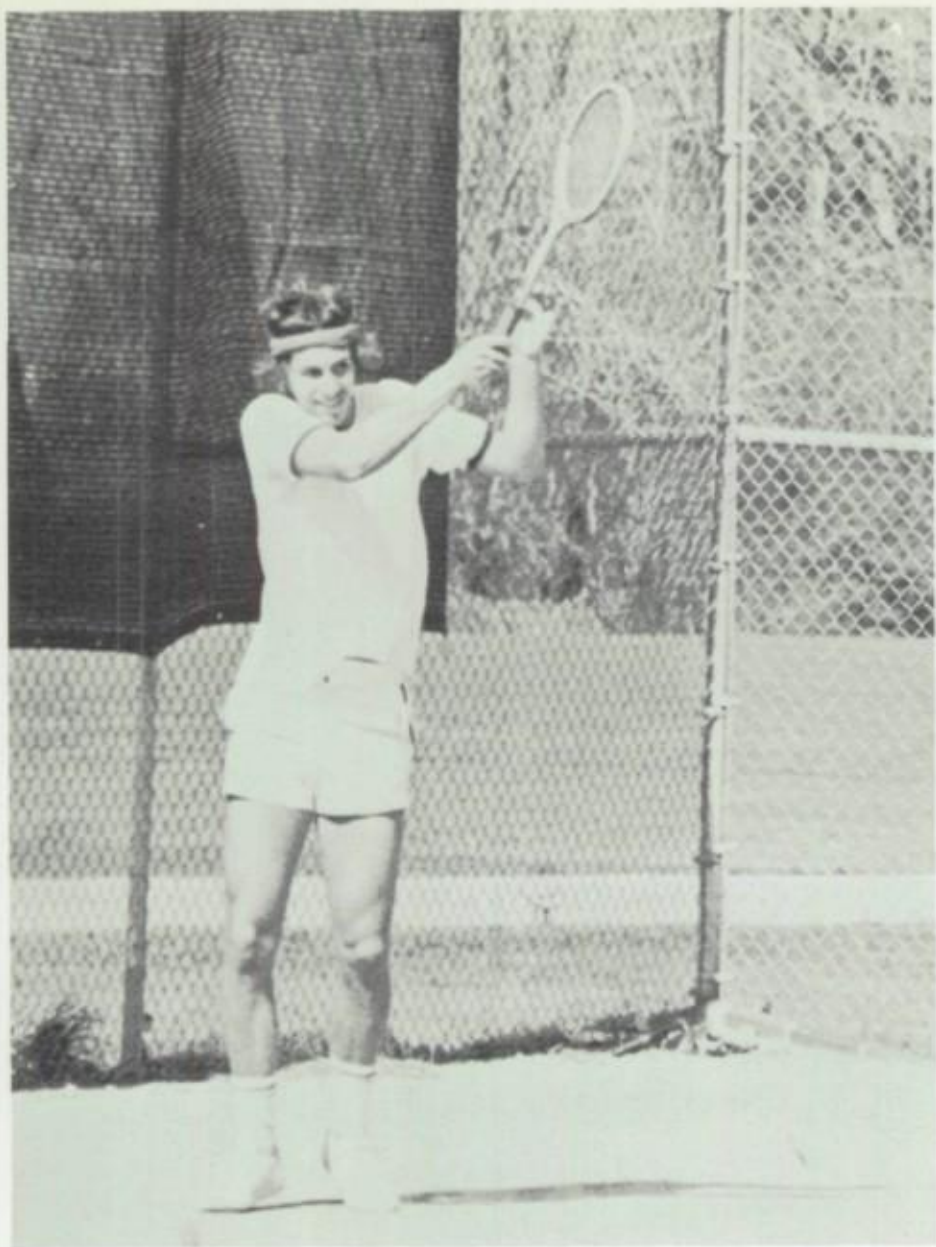


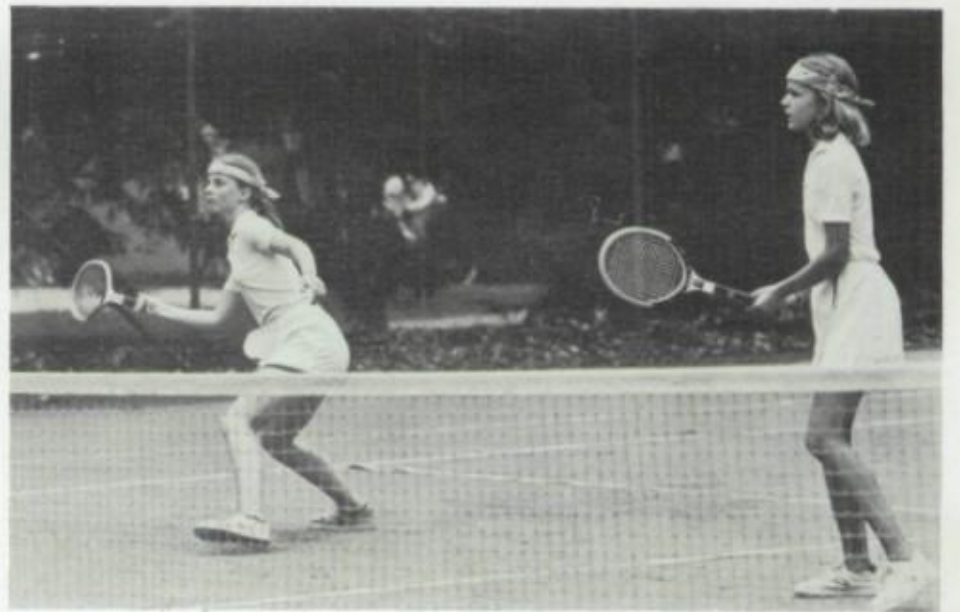
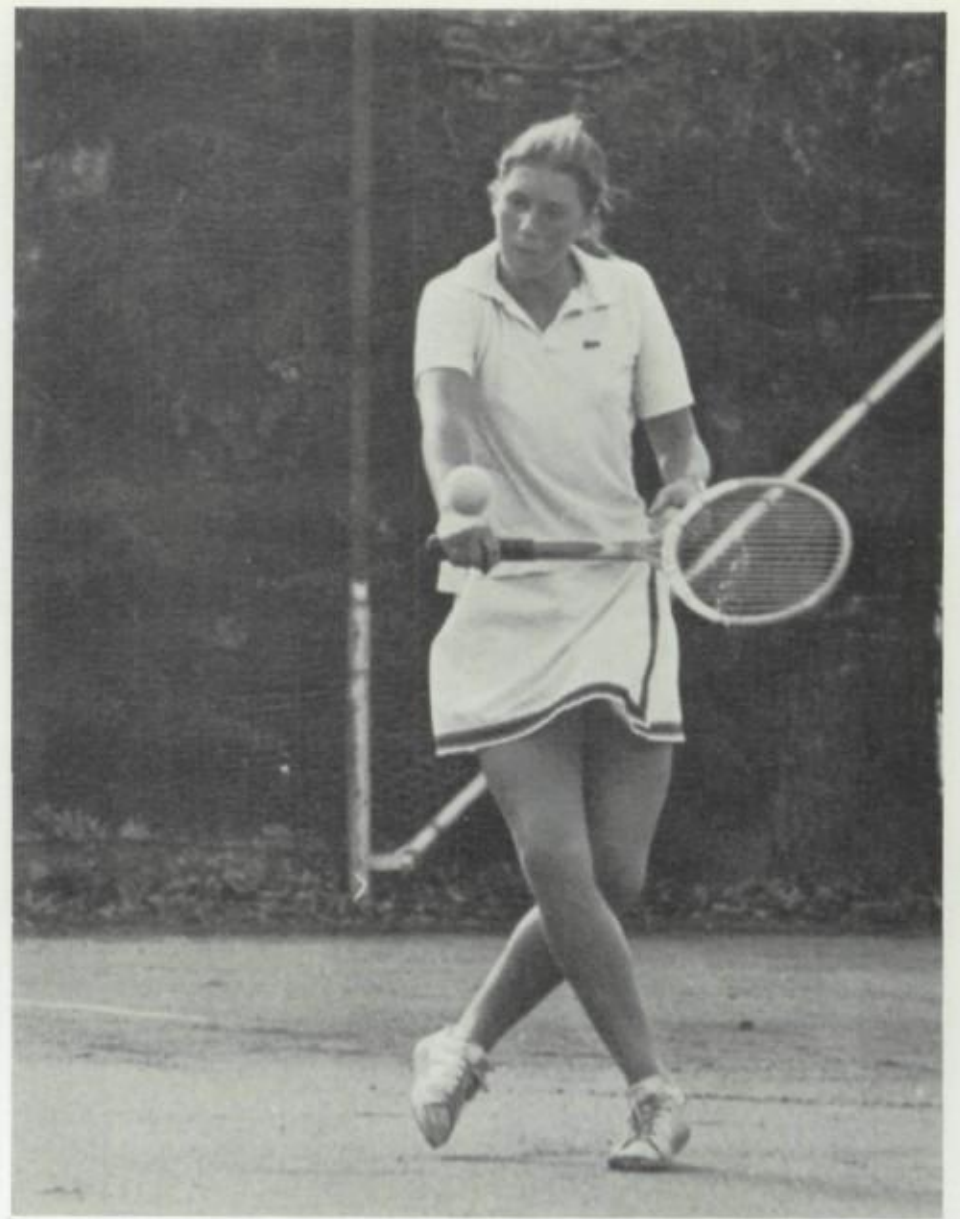
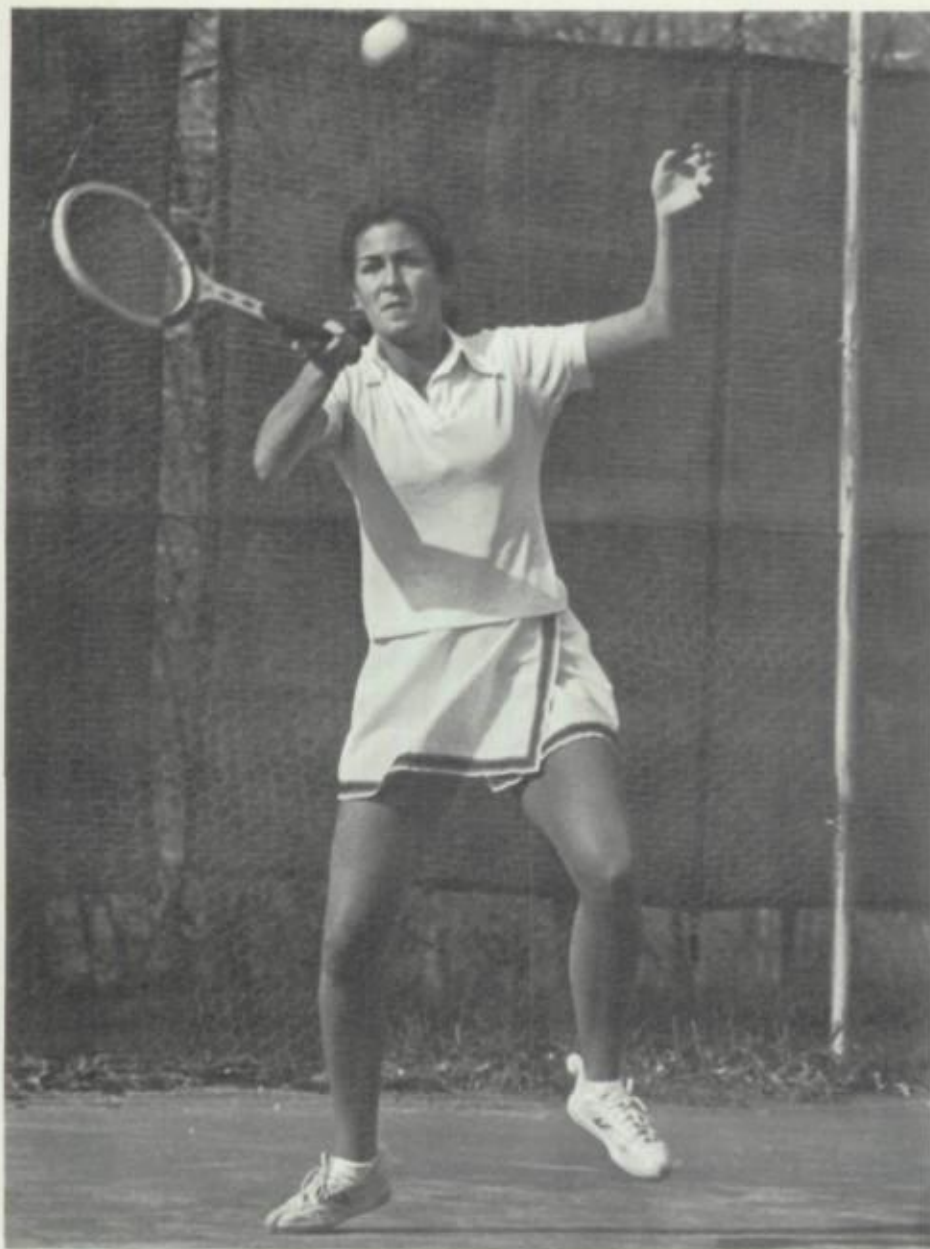
Mr. Rogerson



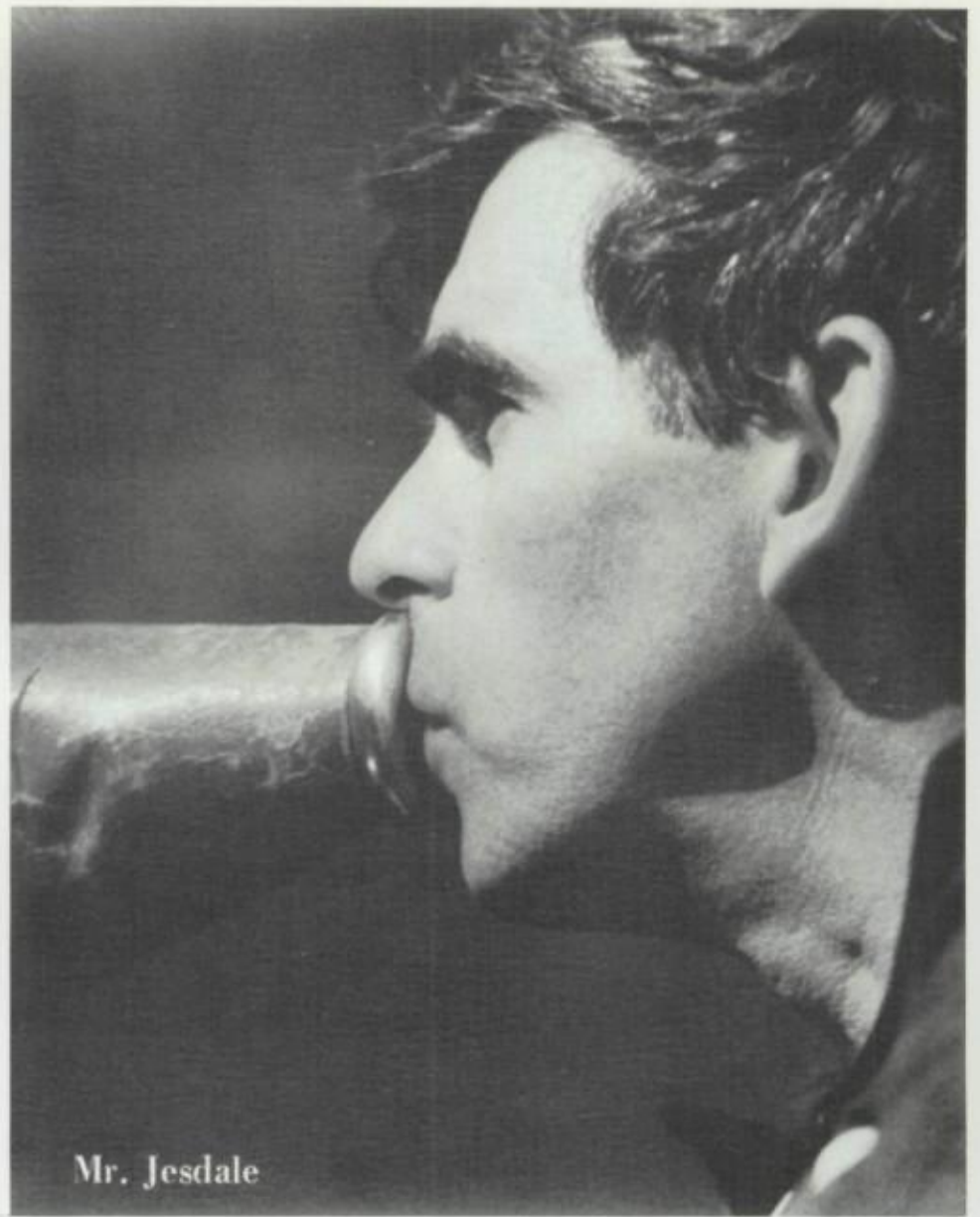






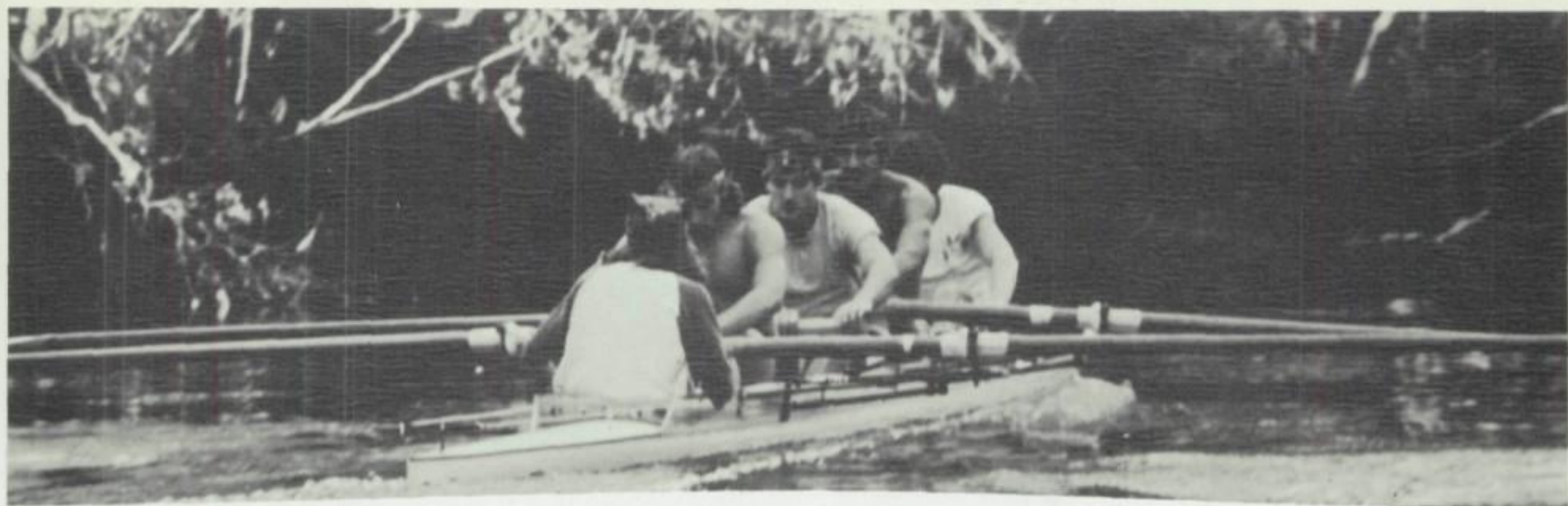




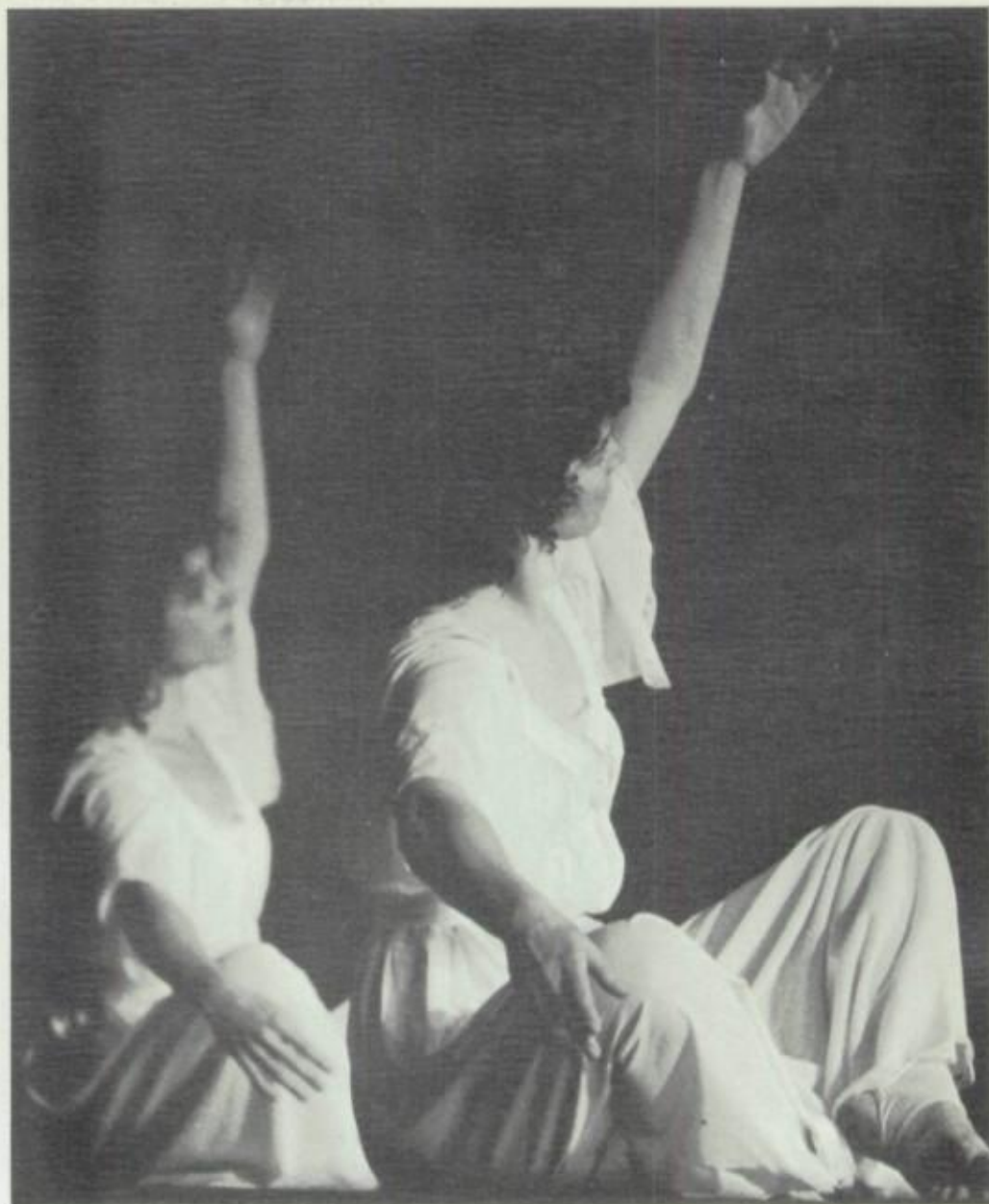


Mr. Jesdale











Rear Row. LeBoeuf, H. Taylor, Bereday, Bullard, DeBolt, Hood, Ken Considine, Robinson, Masters.

Second Row. D. Pittelli, M. Walter, Hyland, Smevog, Mack, Void, F. Rasetti.

Front Row. T. Greene, Adams, D. Bingham, Littie, L. Palmer, Ma. Curtis.



Rear Row. Dr. Taylor, Briger, E. Phillips, C. Wray, C. Wilmerding, Blood, P. Curtis, Potter, Guilano, Baldwin, Peobody, Everett, W. Foster.

Third Row. E. Kim, A. Moore, Johnson, Saltonstall, P. Higginson, Wramplemeier, Noel, Wiley, Kev. Considine, Hedderman, Windels, Ottenstein, Marshall, Dan. Downing, Gorczyca, J. Guth.

Second Row. Camp, J. Greene, Burton, B. Wray, Hildreath, B. Forbes, Booth, A. Steinert, A. Bingham, M. Roberts, Knowlton, T. Collins, A. Rogerson, E. Bolger, Dorn, D. Hill.

Front Row. Katsas, K. Roberts, A. Greene, Thorndike, R. Walker, Carr, W. Gardiner, Sharp, C. Perera, A. Davis, A. Foster, McLoughlin, Auchincloss.



Rear Row. Howlett, Rockwell, S. Ward, Garrity, Truax, M. Ward, J. Rhineland, Colorado-Mansfeld, Harper, Ames, P. Keating, Ganza, Crossman, M. Bator, Walter, A. Rhineland, Landau,
 Third Row. Mueenuddin, Steward, J. Cunningham, S. Collins, C. Fox, Brackbill, Blow, Wright, Rogers, Caperton, L. Osborne, S. Walker, Bornstein, Jaskott, Manigalt, Sampas, Rathborne, Galloway, Horan.
 Second Row. Ballou, Wells, Ashby, Odum, P. Gardner, Erhart, Monts, L. Rich, Herbert, M. Rimmer, Bennett, Marg. Smith, Cherry, Porter, Harwood, Tsutsui, Childs.
 Front Row. White, Zimmermann, Al. Reyes, York, Bynoe, Callahan, L. Faesy, S. Hopkins, Durham, Paul, Ferguson, Harvie, Logan, D. Forster.



Rear Row. Cook, Emmons, N. Piasecki, Groves, Perry, Carvalho, Mackey, Black, Beatty, Hicks, Colburn, Thaler, Eyre, T. Forster, Biddle, Conzelman, T. Moore, Streaker.
 Third Row. Chapman, S. Guth, Libby, Da. Taylor, Salzman, Strandberg, Meymand, O'Donnell, S. Kim, Hastings, Valaincourt, Kulman, Howe, Townsend, Medlinsky, S. Gardiner, Stanley.
 Second Row. Holland, Chapin, Sardegna, Nolen, Stevens, S. Smith, Griffith, Rasetti, S. Hill, An. Reyes, Davison, Brown, Wood-Prince, McMullen, Harris, Perera, Chang, Pittelli, V. Smith, Mi. Curtis.
 Front Row. Esslinger, Dilworth, Davis, Wheeler, D. Rogerson, Gannon, Friedrich-Herrmann, Beaudin, Alevizos, P. Smith, Mali, E. Davis, Zetterberg, Sullivan, Hare.



CHOIR

Back Row. Rich, P. Curtis, Pearson, Carvalho, Morre, D. Rimmer, Bator, Rockwell, Beaudin, Hass.
 Fifth Row. Townley, Hamel, Thaler, Paul, Dilworth, Howlett, Mr. Dilworth, Steinert, S. Curtis.
 Fourth Row. Mrs. Alexander, Mali, Jaskot, Ferguson, P. Davis, Newbold, Sampas, P. Smith, Libby, Manigault, Fleming, Jacobson, Lowe.
 Third Row. Emmons, Clark, Piasecki, Hatch, A. Steinert, Spuedle, Miller, Blow, Wells, M. Rimmer, Faesy, Matt Smith.
 Second Row. Sharp, Esslinger, Lewis, DeWitt, Perera, Sullivan, V. Smith, Chigas, Wright, Pittelli, Alexander, Keating, Truax, Higginson, Odum.
 Front Row. Montes, Hildreath, Coe, Friedrich—Herrmann, Beach, Storey, Chapin, Mr. Smith, Durham, Howat, Chapman, Mar. Smith, White, Erhart, Zimmermann.

THE CIRCLE VOICE

Back Row. Mr. Myers, Forbes, S. Curtis, Jacobson, Steinert, Storey, Palmer, Mr. Harvey.
 Front Row. Davison, Egan, Sheedy, Andrews, Kim, M. Curtis.



THE GROTONIAN

Back Row. Storey, DeWitt, Krahmer, Fox, Borden, Palmer, Andrews, Smith.
 Front Row. Rogerson, Stevens, Reyes, Mr. Harvey.

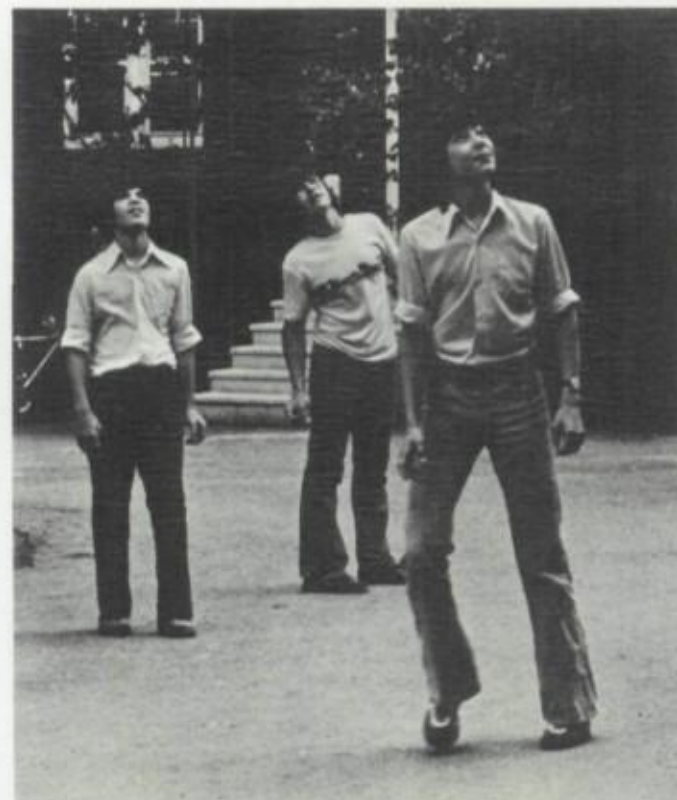
SIXTH

FORM



Lost But Not Forgotten

David Adam



Chris Edgar



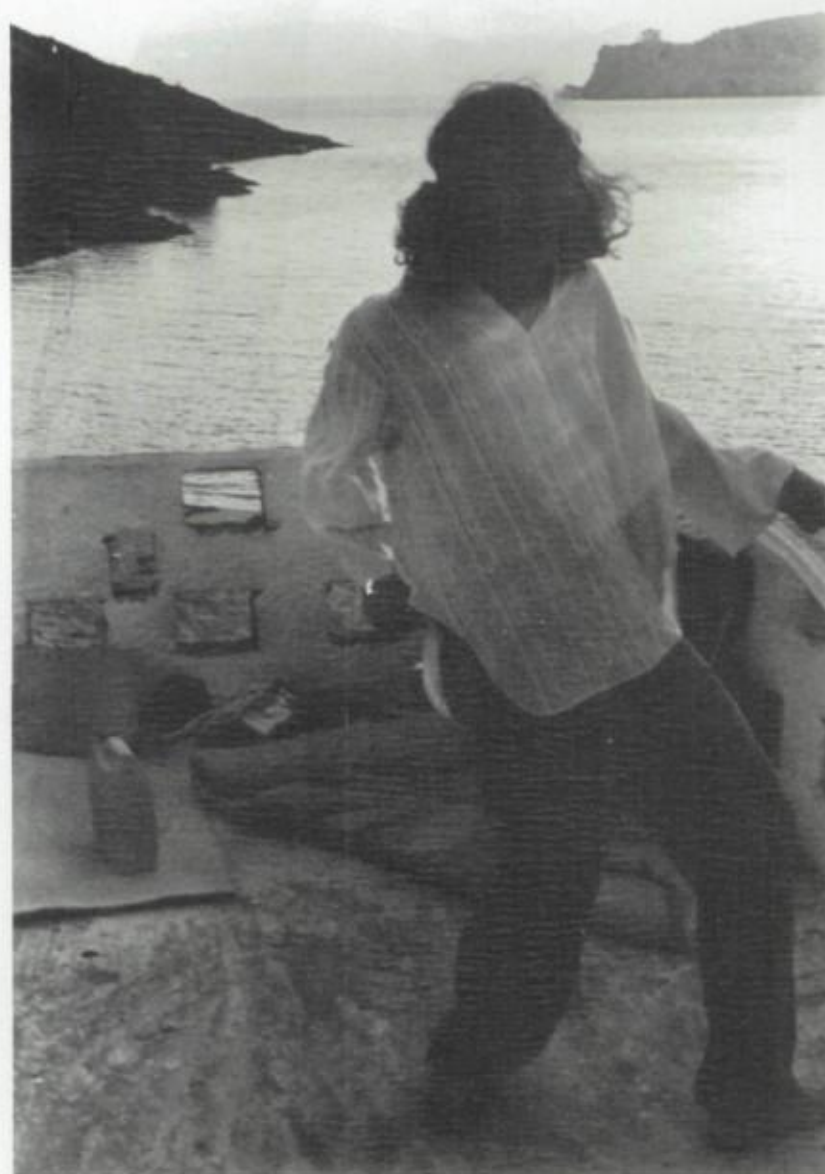
Xandra Coe

Doug Drayton

Brian Ekis



Benito Vila





Rich Spurzem

Alex Dimeo



Alan Kirk

Ben Utter



Aaron Sa'adah



Ty Considine

FORM HISTORY



SECOND FORM



In a balmy September day, back in the good old days, eighteen upstart lads were ushered into the Groton School rigors where most of us would spend the next five years. While it seemed like half of us came from Rhode Island and Saudi Arabia, we did have representatives from the Great Plains and even the Philippines. Our first memory was of Mr. Mitchell warning us that everything we had heard about him was true, much to Ty's amusement. Alex aptly started his Groton career by pushing his screen out of the window. That night, after a tiring football game and the first of many good feeds, we all tearfully went to bed.

If Mitch didn't awe us in the dormitory, he certainly did in the classroom, where he berated us for not concentrating on our sentences and reminded us that he could see right through bullshit. Ty again was amused. The term was paced by critiques, the Block, and Goober (V-I-E-I-L-L-E), but frivolity was our highest priority. Most of us played second club football with Eck, but Mike and Todd escaped to Yogi, and Ben made first club. While not playing tennis with Billy Larkin, Andy "Billy Kilmer" Kennedy led the Wachussetts to victory over the hapless Monadnocks. John McNiff began his distinguished quarterbacking career by fumbling backwards for sixty-five yards. Despite all this, we crushed Fay 28-0 in our only outside game.

Somewhere along the way, we lost Rich Spurzem, which upset Jake's waiting charts and Ma Bell. Back in the dorm fear of the blackmark was still widespread. Nevertheless, Sean "My brother Tim says..." Egan beat Ernie for the first blackmark. Rubber bands reigned as chief hack weapon (George and J. P. were dead-eyes) until Ben, Sean (continuing to follow in his brother's footsteps), and John Dlouhy each got six

thanks to Dave Lamont. Our prefects Ralph, Rock and Marshall, with help from Onee, Poolh Bear and Beelis Lasagna, were able to keep us under control for the rest of the term. In fact, our only problem was Mark's (whammo, Poolh Bear!) wardrobe. Fall term ended as usual with exams, and we were all amazed by Tony's and Todd's ability.

We returned for winter term with high spirits, totally unaware of the surprises awaiting us. Cigar-smoking Dr. Gresser's rubber stoppers were the highlight of the term until Arthur, heh-heh, put a stop to them, leaving Monday fourth period study hall with Tarps and Toby as our only fun spot.

Evening study hall was livened by Ty's leprechaun which Matt ("Back in Isreal, man...") killed, much to DVDB's relief. The dorm enjoyed many surprise feeds thanks to Ty-Bong's and Sean's frequent early bed. Our first academic trauma of the term (maybe of our lives) was our disastrous encounter with Gene and Phineas. About the time we recovered from that, we learned the importance of being respectful to Samantha. By then hacking had become an art, and Ernie soon overcame his stage fright. J.P.'s mountain climbing ended in pain and laughter, Tony's cube was moved elsewhere, and Dlouhy was belted 76 times with pillows without waking up. However, it was Alex ("I'm hacking, sir") who continually defied all hacking etiquette, though Onee's 30 second hack was the greatest faux pas of the season.

In other areas, while Mitch, for some reason, was becoming more and more disenchanted with us, Mark continued to be our liason with him, relieving us of many dorm restrictions. Andrews Utter Kirk got tired of school and took an extended long weekend (though not before Alan managed to raise the flag, much to Mitch's chagrin). Ben and Alan soon decided vacations were more fruitful and went on to explore greater heights with Ty's going-away present. Although the poetry grind was under way, we received good news



from M.D.M., who delighted in telling us that we were moving in with Basically Dave. The great omen for the term to come was Andy's (who else?) jumping on a pile of mirrors and getting at least 105 years of bad luck. At long last winter term ended.

Bang. The spring term started off with a hack. J. P. had trouble negotiating the posts. Our first wicked deed was to dislodge the wake-up bell. With Daves' dorm now transformed into a gym, lacrosse and after-dinner pillow fights (which took place after lunch too) became the vogue, and Mr. Gula was amazed at Ty's ability to read the Bible upside down. With discipline getting out of hand Rock, Ralph, and Marshall took matters into their own hands (Dave was "busy") and sent us on a midnight jog around the circle, much to Hank's dismay. Water balloons soon became the rage despite Mr. Gula's protests. Little did he know that we were preparing for THE HACK.

Amplly supplied with balloons, the blitzkrieg began on poor Alex, who fought back valiantly with his bon-zai gun but eventually succumbed to the deluge. We then Pearl Harbored Kungi, who was returning from a supply run in the bathroom. When the smoke cleared, he found that even his own ammo had turned on him.

By now our rowdiness knew no bounds, as beds turned up (or over) in Tronic's dorm, on the Circle, or even suspended from the rafters. In yet another effort to tame us, Uncle Dave attempted to starve us into submission. And thus began Ernie's and Tony's long affair with Uncle Tom's.

Athletically, Todd lettered in crew, and Tony played lacrosse. Mark pitched the second team baseball (Guys! Guys!) to a losing season, highlighted by George's uncanny bench-jockeying, Mike Sheedy's winning hit against his cousins and Tarpey's eagle-eyed umpiring.

Other highlights included Murder, roofball, and stickball; Matt's Goddam bicycle; biology lessons in the attic; poetry reports; and McNiff's dubbing everyone a Merry Old Milk Maggot. We were all touched by Sheedy's contribution to Easter Seals and Dloonie's "stumping" of M.D.M. Todd got first dibs on the fair goddess Olivia (Hatch), and Mike Mendoza learned how to speak English, maan.

Suddenly exams were upon us, and Dave finally fed



us. We finished the year anticipating the summer and, of course, the girls. Thus ended the first of five long years and thus unknowingly did we bid farewell to Old Groton.



THIRD FORM



Third Form began with the arrival of girls. Even though there were only sixteen Third Form girls, they made their presence known by their height. Naturally, the girls were curious about the School, and the School was curious about them. Mary was very curious about the origin of "Beaver" on campus; Ms. Ogilvy couldn't answer her. Early in the term Mr. Cox gave his first Third Form parlor; Mary and her hair entertained us while her "friend" Tony hid under the table. We quickly fell out of Mr. Cox's favor. Left to our own devices, we discovered fire extinguishers, baby powder, birthday showers, toothpaste, and eternal roofball. Boa's purple passion raised Eliza's grades and our eyebrows, while labs became increasingly boring. Loobs amazed us all with his inability to think except at a 45 degree angle; his perfectly timed crashes in Miss Tottenham's class were a wonder to behold. Minturn's bumper cars destroyed many desks. On the sports scene, third team football was winless despite the heroics of "boy wonder" Brian Eki; all the girls played field hockey, and that year started the tradition of fine teams. The competition for coach Joanie was fierce, but Poppa John won out; the noise of his car leaving in the morning woke many of the girls. Across the circle, Mr. Hardcastle had a firm grip on the boy's dorm; he made sure that things went smoothly on laundry night with repeated cries of "Get your night things on." Sean's and Todd's scatological comments hurled across the courtyard didn't shock Steve, but they did catch Mr. Gula's attention.

In the winter, third team hockey continued the tradition started by third team football in the fall; they did not win a game. Mr. Carpenter's repeated attempts to quit smoking "reeked" havoc among the boy's; we retaliated with full forced hacks. Every Thursday night Rosefoot Higginson assaulted our noses; Weebles made a mint from his wake up service, especially after late-

night bull sessions in Mark Jacobson's cube; Wild Bill Summerskill did his best to control all of this madness. Bo, Alex, Adele exhibited their great dramatic talent in the winter play. (Meanwhile, Mary and Amanda got their act together and started the girl's ice hockey team.) Ernie Borden tried to educate Mary in the ways of the world; despite Chris Booth's protests, Mary capitalized on the VIVA subscription and got ten dollars back. The feverish social activity of the student center finally calmed down as some people went broke; others retired to the depths of the passion pit. All of the rumors were spoiled with announcement of the first on-campus engagement; we enjoyed the holiday anyway.

Prominent couples started off the spring term with a bang, except for momentary lapses while the girls visited their grandmothers in the hospital. Although the year was colored by Eliza's and Adele's solos at Christmas, this was by no means the full extent of the form's musical talents. The reincarnation of George, John, Ringo, and Paul by Egan, Drayton, Dlouhy, and Edgar made them famous in their own right, and Brian's glasses made him perfect for the part of Yoko Ono. Aaron terrified us all with his imitation of another famous Sixties personality, Charles Manson. The Eck shed his fur as he migrated to Hawaii, after giving automatic 85's for the project of his dramatic proteges. Even though Olivia spent hours in the woods, she never saw any salamanders; her bio project was brilliant anyway. But the high point of the term had to be Spring Long Weekend; thank God most of us weren't there. That was the weekend Flash Fleming was overexposed, and Amanda was over-educated; she and Sarah Alexander don't remember much. As the term wound down, stickball, roofball, and exams were taken for granted. We were sorrowed by Chris Edgar's announcement that he was going back to the California beaches for good; minus one member, we nonetheless felt that we could tackle Fourth Form.



FOURTH FORM



Fourth Form year found our class with thirty-one new faces, bringing the total to a somewhat unbelievable eighty-three and making us the largest Groton class ever.

At first, of course, it was the new students who were in the limelight. It didn't take long for nicknames to develop. Xandra Coe came up with the "immaculates," a phrase which hung on throughout the year. Certain dorms began to develop subcultures of their own. The generosity of Mr. Sackett's dorm, with its unending supply of "free sodas," the festive, thoroughly mellow atmosphere of Dr. J's Opium Den, the pizza connoisseurs of Pest House, and the distinguished crew of misfits in Cloud Nine became well-known.

The fall term was also memorable for some of the Form's athletes. Wilmerding and Higginson began to develop their scoring talents in soccer, while future captains Keating and Piasecki made their start in field hockey. Egan and Chatfield began their notorious careers on the football squad perfecting the art of holding tackling dummies and riding on the field hockey bus to away games.

Just before Thanksgiving Mr. Cox became ill and spent several weeks in the hospital. He returned just before Christmas vacation to stun us with the news that he had cancer. Over the Christmas vacation his condition became serious, and he did not return to the School until the spring. His presence in the life of the School and in our lives was greatly missed.

As the winter term arrived the Form began to experiment in group activities, achieving what could be called mixed results. A record number of upstanding Grotties were nabbed in the Stoneliagh-Burnham incident, and the Fourth Form was well represented with its secretary and form officers in attendance. The Long Weekend became a memorable "first time" experience for nearly everyone who accepted Matt and Andy's hospitality in Hobart's dorm. Later in that same dorm Ty met his demise; he was found carrying a suspicious package out of what should have been an empty room.



Another party occurred in Parent's House, this time a Mardi Gras sponsored by Charlie Bouchard and Mr. Peirce (which rhymes with "curse," as those who remember the mysterious string of accidents outside of Brooks House will note). The first talent show produced several notable acts, with John Dlouhy introducing the original Flying Zucchini's and Hoopes and Wallace, among others, jocking out on the transvestite tennis team. On a more serious dramatic level, the cast of *The Lark* suffered through long hours, sickness, and mounting tension and produced a truly professional performance. Sarah Sewall impressed us with her intensity and poise and was well supported by Lynn, Mary, and Jay, who also made their debuts that year.

The cold weather gave us a chance to listen to Mr. Everett explain his unintelligible graphs about all the wasted power in the school. Doug Drayton produced his permanent "snorkel jacket," which he donned in November and rarely unzipped until April. The more outrageous roommate combinations managed to create heat of their own, with Dlouhy retreating into the burn-room to end his feud with Downing, and Rimmer terrorizing Steinert by nearly dropping him out of their loft.

While the hockey team failed to pull out a win despite the efforts of Rimmer and Sheedy, the teams of the following spring were quite successful. Jacobson managed to find his way out of the squash courts to make the baseball squad, and the girls of the Form accounted for an awesome half of the girls' lacrosse team.

In academic circles, the Science Department began to dominate our thoughts as we limped towards what would be for most of us that triumphant day when we would leave the science wing forever. Mr. Zink's chem sections took to the roads (or to the woods, depending on the substances they wished to study), and Boa's screw chem classes moaned and groaned their way through endless organic chem labs. While Arthur sometimes failed to keep his students conscious during his weather films, he did manage to organize his traditional beer-making project.

Before the end of the term there was a Groton Top 40 countdown on the circle, where Frisbee and Red-Rover enthusiasts got down to the funky sound of Bootsy's Rubber Band, with help from Doc Funk himself, Gayland Trim. Late-night adventures became popular as Steinert was apprehended in a 4:30 skateboard assault on the pool and master painters Hockens, Reis, Criner, and Faesy created the Midnight Masterpiece, still on display in Unit 6.



Exams inevitably caught up with us, and as we sat listening to Mr. Cox's confident voice on Prize Day, we began to think about the big year which lay ahead.



FIFTH FORM



igorouslly we attacked Fifth Form year, minus four of our original eighty-three. We were ready to handle the School and maybe even the current Sixth Form. We left our mark on the athletic field, culminating the successful season with a sweep at slimy S'max. That night at the big dance Mrs. A. was heard to inquire as to the whereabouts of a large part of our form. Who could guess that all those missing were having a grand time of it down old boathouse way? Some say that the party was the beginning of the form unity that was to become a part of our rep.

Who would have guessed that it was members of our fine form who terrorized the Fat Man's attempts at teaching class? The D.E.L.O. (Driver's Education Liberation Organization) struck quickly and with deadly accuracy. After warning shots, the terrorists moved in, making a daring armed kidnapping. Party poopers Congleton and Tottenham soon saw that it was time to end the trouble and they did so with official pomp. But the D.E.L.O. vowed never to give up in their quest for a free Driver's Ed.

After S'max Saturday and the abolition of the D.E.L.O., excitement took something of a nose dive. We tried to revive the old Monadnock-Wachusett rivalry, but fun and games in the gym didn't hold up against disco-dancing and the mellow scene in the woods. Mr. A. made his first in a long series of speeches to the bright eyed innocents of the Fifth Form, saying "the party's over"; so we all forgot about play and got down to work . . . well, some of us did . . . and those few veges worked on developing our reputation as the most competitive form in fifteen years. Unified but competitive? Who thought that up? Along with those two labels we got a third as the first really co-ed class, but ya know until someone mentioned that to us we'd never really thought about it. Everybody told us that we worked and played well together; that goes without saying. It seemed like the natural thing to do.

Teeth set, we assaulted the Winter Term. She fought back dropping more snow than could be remembered on the unsuspecting Grotties. Sports again played a big part in our lives as even in the depths of the blizzard,

with no food or heat or grounds crew, the varsity banking team did its best to keep everyone on his, oops, her toes. But after making the mistake of playing their trade on one of the Brooks House lambs some of our jolly bankers met the wrath of Bobby G., who suggested that they treat themselves as they had the little boy.

Although we didn't sweep S'max, to say the least, the impressive records posted by the basketball teams enabled them to play in their league tourneys. The seldom-mentioned stalwarts of the cross country ski teams raced to third place in their league; and hockey won its first, second, third, etc., game in two years. Sickness hurt all the teams at some point during the season, but no one took advantage of his, damn, her stay in the infirmary like assorted stars of hockey and hoop.

The goodwill of Secret Santas was a big hit again with giant pizza feeds and pouches of Red Man or cans of Skoal garnering top honors in the gift department. Discos found their way into the dorms, with Johnson's stepping out in that department. The Student Center became the J.D. spot as the competition grew heated at the football and pinball tables. But as with all good things, this too came to an end when one of the over-zealous fellows smashed the pinball machine into oblivion. Like the good people we are, we happily chipped in to pay for the vandal's mistake.

The big winter storms made recreational X-country skiing the most popular extra-curricular activity in the woods. Well, maybe the second most popular. The Salad Patrol, not content with the low altitudes, took to the slopes in Vermont and taught our favorite townie how to ski. At home, skating parties were again a hit and the Second Annual Talent Show (and especially those cheerleaders) got good reviews.

Winter wouldn't be complete without its "parties." Of course, they were only the result of being cooped up so long. With no S'max game to celebrate, the extravaganza was all self-initiated. Lake Romaine will never forget it. The party was complete with warming beverage and all enjoyed themselves to a "T." The last party of the term lacked alcoholic stimulus, but the music of Hockens and Smith, etc., and the cozy atmosphere of

the dome (to the chagrin of some of the faculty) drove us to significant frenzy.

On the first day of Christmas Vacation, the mighty Groton hockey team met St. Paul's in a much publicized game at Harvard. Enough said. The Steinert-Clark party gave everyone a chance to cheer up before heading out for three weeks of happy relaxation.

After a restful vacation we revved up for Spring Term. The beautiful Bahama babies with their bronzed bods and the crew boys with their muscles came smiling back from Philly. Here we go!!!

We threw ourselves into our various sports, with mixed results. Wilmerding, Fleming, and Hoopes strained under Uncle Dave's whip while boy's lacrosse posted a 7-4 record under easy going Papa John Holden. Sheedy was a star on the stickball, but couldn't do the same for Uncle Maak; he joined Jacobson and Egan to produce twice as many errors as hits. The girls rowed well enough to keep Animal Bob happy and the boys came out of a late-season slump to win the Lowell Regatta and save Mr. J. from certain suicide. The fives team was once again victorious over S'max.

Finally, there were the girls on the lacrosse team. Those wonderful women did it all, 11-0. Our own "quickstick chicks" left more than one of their male counterparts grumbling and scuffing his sneakers.

Spring wasn't much more than the past two terms in excitement till the prefect elections showed its nasty head. The old women of the current Sixth Form, remembering how severely they had been dealt with by their male counterparts, organized a meeting to unite our girls behind the cause of a female prefect. What could have become a great schism in our form was handled, after a little hostile discourse, with maturity and perseverance: the elections, though long, succeeded finally in giving us Claire, J. P. and Jonny Rich.

As Jon collected honor after honor, the end of the year arrived with a bang. Exams were taken and forgotten and Prize Day was quick and painless. As we headed to Connecticut for Peter's party or home for the summer, we all realized that we'd be back in three short months as Sixth Formers.





SIXTH FORM

Despite pernicious rumors that many had perished (amidst alcholic fumes) at a post-graduation Forbes party, most of the '79 class returned last fall to the beloved alma mater. Let us not forget, however, Alex Dimeo, who, after considerable mellowing, decided to find his dream computer elsewhere. We wish him the best of luck.

Well, we were finally at the top, and as the liberals who first included those daring girls in the Third Form, we were now showing, among other things, how well coeducation could work. Free from detrimental riffs and battles of the sexes, we could claim a sense of the intangible class unity and spirit that had eluded previous years. Of course, we had our splinter groups, faculty favorites, and annual Brooks House vs. the world martyrdoms. Yet those moments are easily forgotten, for from the beginning, we were a "together" class.

Fall Term had the potential for being very ordinary as workaholics and social butterflies alike bore down heavily on the work. While Hockens, Egan, Rich, and Higginson competed for all-nighters (Hig cleaned up), Sarah Alexander and others melted away into Schoolhouse phantoms. The burn was on, but luckily, so were a lot of other things. Bright-eyed new girls caught the attention of more than one of our natured number, and while Hass memorized the new students list, Kem Edwards promptly made off with one foxy lady. Anticipating disciplinary problems, Dinger imported two enormous piranahs, but instead of intimidating Second Form terrors, they ate each other. Well, Minturn didn't need too much help anyway.

Across the circle, the Sackett-Johns alliance was already forming amid bathroom-door communions, window walking, and late-night boating parties. The only blemish occurred when lovestruck Tom and Lynny lost track of the time one night. Can we really blame them? We lost John Steinert, but gained an ape, and for a while beards were in. Other newcomers included big Rich Fox and Volker, who imported his own brand of German imperialism. Eventually it drove ol' D.D. out, and he settled for a cell in Hobart's penitentiary. Star-studded Sixth Form contingents led soccer and field hockey to victory, while football had a lot of fun. Then there was visitation. For two months Sixth Form socialities kept their fingers crossed as the issue was bandied about between the establishment and us. Despite all efforts by the prefects, student government, and the class, there was just too much faculty opposition for Wild Bill to handle. At least he had Sean Egan's support.

Winter came, but in name only. No white snowflakes fell on Grottograd—only much slush and rain. Matt Pearson contemplated suicide, while his cross-country ski team ran many wet miles. Ruth, Olivia, Doza, and Bo all escaped to warmer climes. In many ways the weather was reflective of the spirit of both the School and its fearless leaders. Hockey had another disappointing season. We lost Matty, Buns, and our prized Maine Lobster, while Erica "disappeared." A crime wave swept the school as a film and mega-bucks disappeared from Sidmore's bank. And to top it off, Miss Tottenham cracked down on Matt and Laura's post-curfew fire escape drills.

Despite the prevailing misery, the Sixth Form remained incorrigibly active as we found new areas to pour our energy, talent, and frustrations. Bobby Newbold astonished us all with a new turtleneck. Winter fashions were firmly set as trend-setter Mary Beach flaunted the latest nail polish, while Palmer and Curtis sported new loafers. Those not interested in apparel got into the act one way or another. John Dlouhy donned his leotards and developed a stunning new dance style; the spontaneous flail. His wild, animated girations amazed even such experienced pros as funkied out Trimmie and Mark the Spark Ousley. The Dramatics Winter play proved to be a great success with fine performances from Chats, Alexandra, Adele, Jay, Claudia, and Kate Lewis, while John McNiff made his acting debut. The excellent stage and props were largely due to hard work by Sarah Coe, Judson and Ernie, who continued his late-night marathons on stage.

Of course there were other ways to deal with the Winter of our discontent. Besides the more established Tottenham and Tronic refuges for thirsting dipsomaniacs, a host of similar institutions sprang up. While hungry swarms descended on Totties' weight-watching feeds, others found spiritual fulfillment at Schott's beer garden and Yahweh's wine and cheese emporium, the latter to the pulsating beat of heavy Rosta. In the same spirit, Claire's birthday bash was held in the chapel tower. After all, what's wrong with a little wine in church. And who can forget Diana Chigas' wild Greek dinners? We know Claudia hasn't.

As tobacco supplies ran low, Jay and Woody resorted to Jello snorting while Tab addict Amy Cunningham looked on in disgust. Winter was certainly not without its romantic side, and if Dave and Sarah haven't eloped yet, we're told that the big day is coming up this June. And there were others. While yearbook editor Tom Bator saw a lot of certain Fifth Formers, "Mr. Cool" Matt Pearson romanced countless belles with his dashing Latin style. And wonder of wonders, the ape was finally tamed by Parisian swinger Alexandra McGovern. The suspicious couple flitting about the dome at night was finally identified as Sarah Spurdle and her press jock.

Although love certainly helped, thoughts of the coming vacation pulled us through. Eliza dreamed of elder millionaires and twenty-seven kids while Todd itched to return to his Providential Paradise. Others had visions of Greek and Virginia beaches, and before long vacation did come.

Many people associate Spring Term with Sixth Form degeneracy. They point to the absence of all work, all-night stickball, games, wild antics, and, of course, increased drinking. Well, this year we didn't even have a chance. With cruel suddenness, Prohibition descended upon us; surely one of the bleakest days in the annals of school history. As the whole Sixth Form underwent a severe case of mass depression, spirits ran very low indeed. Needless to say the blues proved to be short-lived.

While numerous college-bound seniors escaped to university campuses and various week-end parties, others discovered a remarkable affinity for Coke, Tab, or just water. Schott and Tuke served Koolaid. Meanwhile, newly erected Bill's Beacon scared would-be rum-runners further into the woods.

April 15 proved to be a happy day for most of us. Besides Brad's birthday, dozens of studious Sixth Formers found good cause to celebrate as they were rewarded with the college of their choice. In keeping with the festival spirit, we celebrated with a party at Steinert's which everybody indulged heavily. Only baseball players Sheedy and Jacobson refuse to break training rules.

With college worries conveniently forgotten, years of training and discipline rapidly dissipated under the influence of Spring's alluring attractions. Scantly clad sunbathers became wonderously bronzed while water worshippers splashed playfully along the river and in Harvey's pond. Stickball ruled supreme and the evening air echoed to the shouts of carefree seniors. To the envy of the exploited underclasses, we threw off all vestiges of oppression and settled down to the joys of non-academia.


While Judson produced crepes in advanced French gastronomy, Hig and others spaced out in Dr. J's astronomy intensive. And as wood-working wonders completed masterpieces, Andi and Ruth churned out comparable creations in the art studio. After toiling many long hours on her seriously damaged motorcycle, Sarah Greenhill was able to cruise sportily around the Circle. Not to be outdone, Stork challenged her to a competition, thus initiating the famous Brooks House drag races. It was an excellent time to be outside and Georgie J. and Rims spent many happy hours frolicking through the trees, axes in hand, diligent foresters to the end.

In such fashion did the year draw to a close. As a highly talented class, we left our mark on everything, from the athletic to the artistic to the academic. As leaders we maintained a good understanding of our role and a reasonable perspective of the great powers we wielded. Most important, we knew the meaning of a true education that was gained more through personal interaction than anything else.



In Memorium

ROWLAND JOHNS COX
Headmaster 1974-1977



"It is a good thing when a man is different from your image of him. It shows he isn't a type. If he were, it would be the end of him as a man. But if you can't place him in to a category, it means that at least a part of him is what a human being ought to be. He has risen above himself, he has a grain of immortality."

Boris Pasternak

Jonathan P. Rich

*Dedicated
to my parents -*



*You can take
a boy out of
Ol' Dixie,*

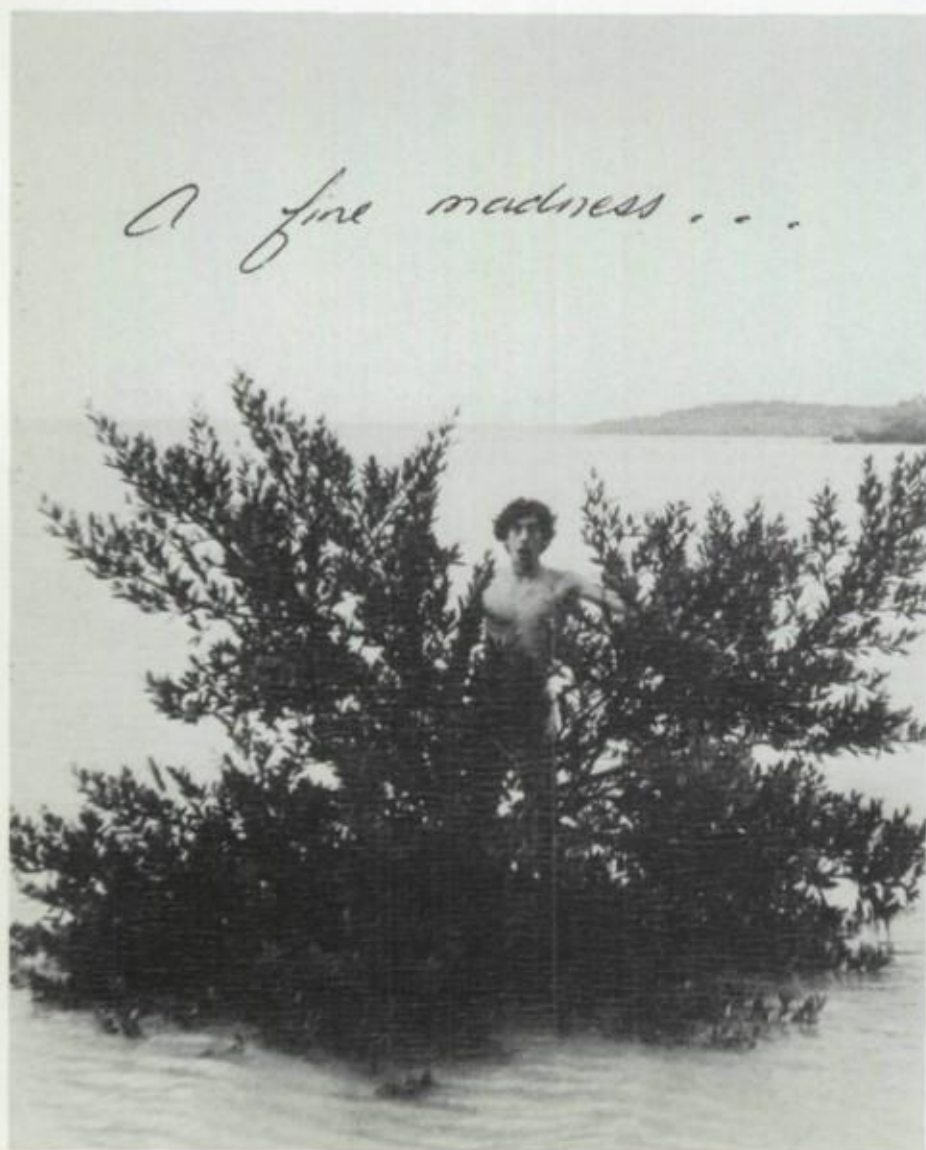
*But you can
never take Ol' Dixie
from a boy.*

- L.S.

*There is no duty we so much underestimate
as the duty of being happy. - Stevenson*

JOHN R. HASS

A fine madness...



"Let's frighten the dragons," I said to Pooh
 "That's right," said Pooh to me.
 "I'm not afraid," I said to Pooh,
 And he held his paw and shouted "Shoo,
 Silly Old Dragons"—and off they flew.
 "I wasn't afraid," said Pooh, said, he,
 "I'm never afraid with you."

A.A. Milne



Wizards make no difference,
 so they say nothing does,
 but heroes are weant to die
 for unicorns.

Peter S. Beagle

*"Enough! As panic passed
 It called a halt to my anxiety: for what
 there is at hand demands the more
 Attention always. Impending time
 Inevitable twists our life's channel, but Freedom leads us
 Even that. Cherish good expectations...."* Pindar; Isthmian VIII



*These dragon slayers did not take lessons
 in dragon slaying, nor do leaders of forlorn hopes generally rehearse
 their parts beforehand. Small things may be rehearsed, but the
 greatest are always do-or-die, neck-or-nothing matters."*

Samuel Butler



Claudia A. Lewis

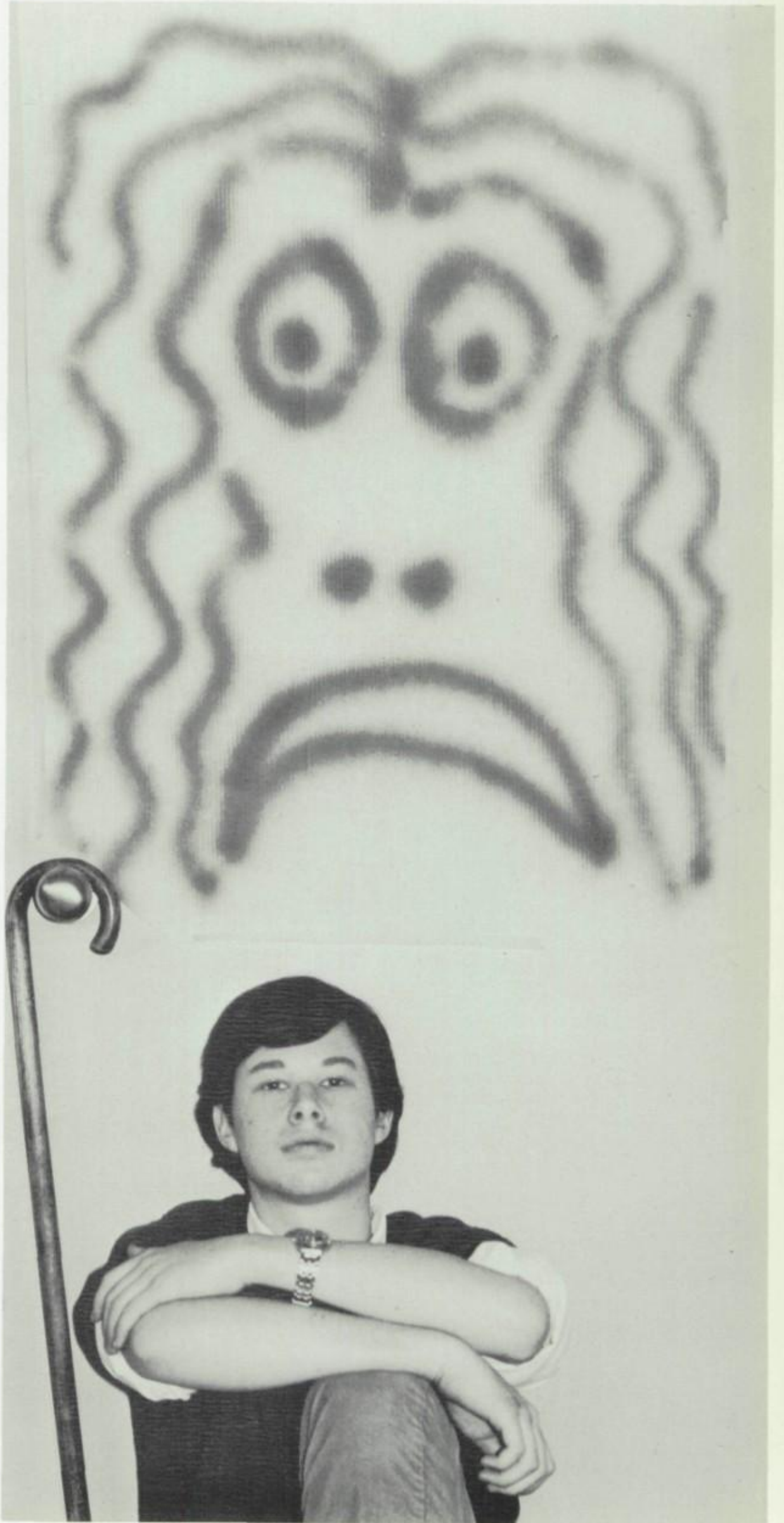
*The secret o' life
is enjoying
the passage
of time.*



See You guys later

Memories may be
beautiful, and yet, what's
too painful to remember,
we simply choose to
forget. Still it's the
laughter we will
remember whenever
we remember the
way we were.

Robert H Newbold

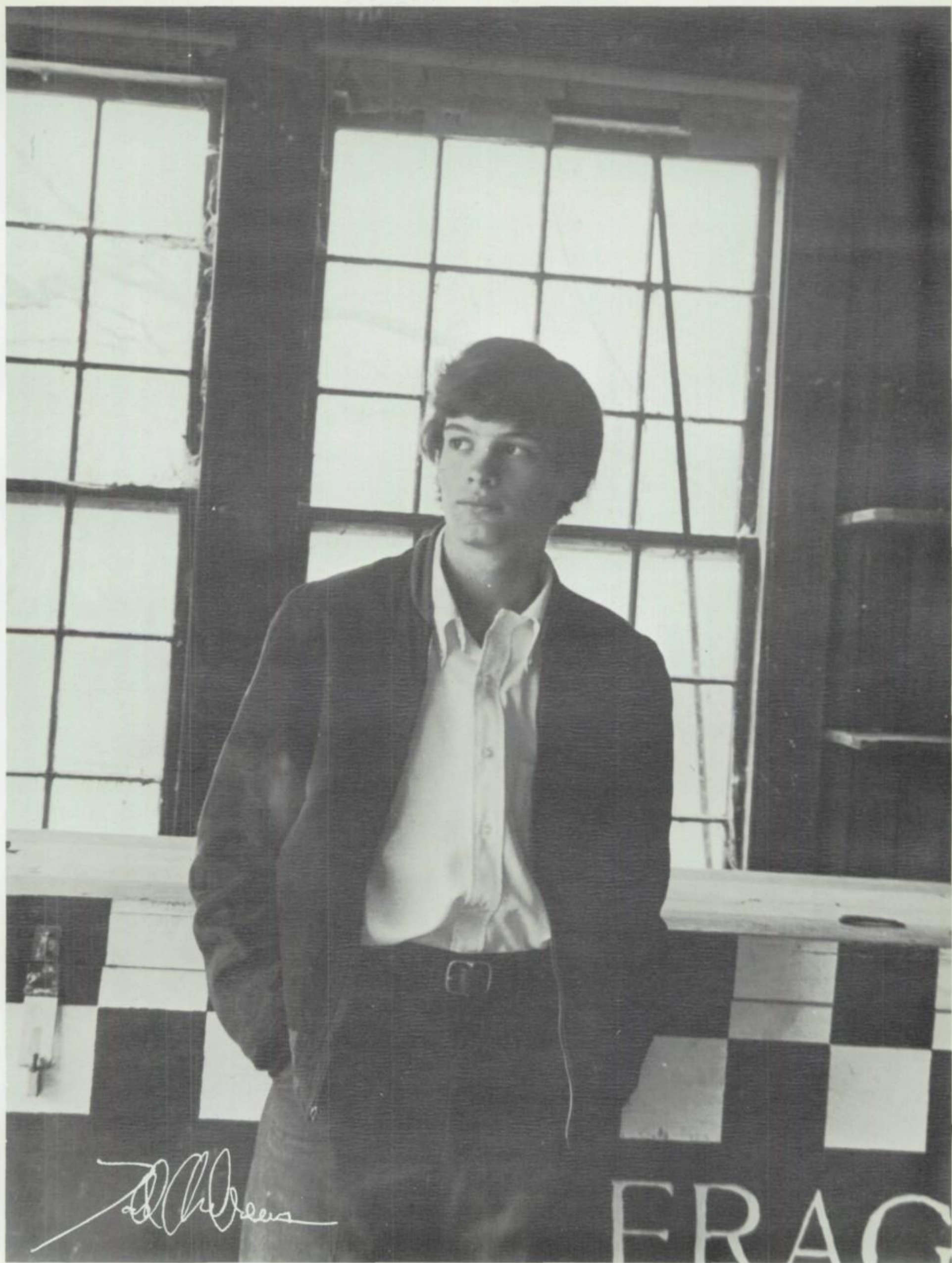


Christopher Robin; I walked along
Under branches lit up by the moon
Posing our questions to owl in the oak
As our days disappeared awfully soon
But I wandered much further today than I should
And I can't seem to find my way back to the woods
So help me if you can,
I've got to get back to the house at Pooh Corner by one
You'd be surprised. There's so much to be done
Count all the bees in the hive,
Chase all the clouds from the sky
Back to the days of Christopher Robin and Pooh.

K. Loggins
J. Messina




Francesca Fay Fleming



A quotation, like a pun,
should come unsought, and
then be welcomed only for
some propriety or felicity
justifying the intrusion.

Robert W. Chapman



Andrew Mackay Kennedy



"O brave new world"



"Ἐρκεο νῦν συφεόνδε μετ' ἄλλων λέξο ἑταίρων."
Homer





SARAH COE

MIRANDA TOWNLEY

"It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther.... And one fine morning—"





John Dlouhy

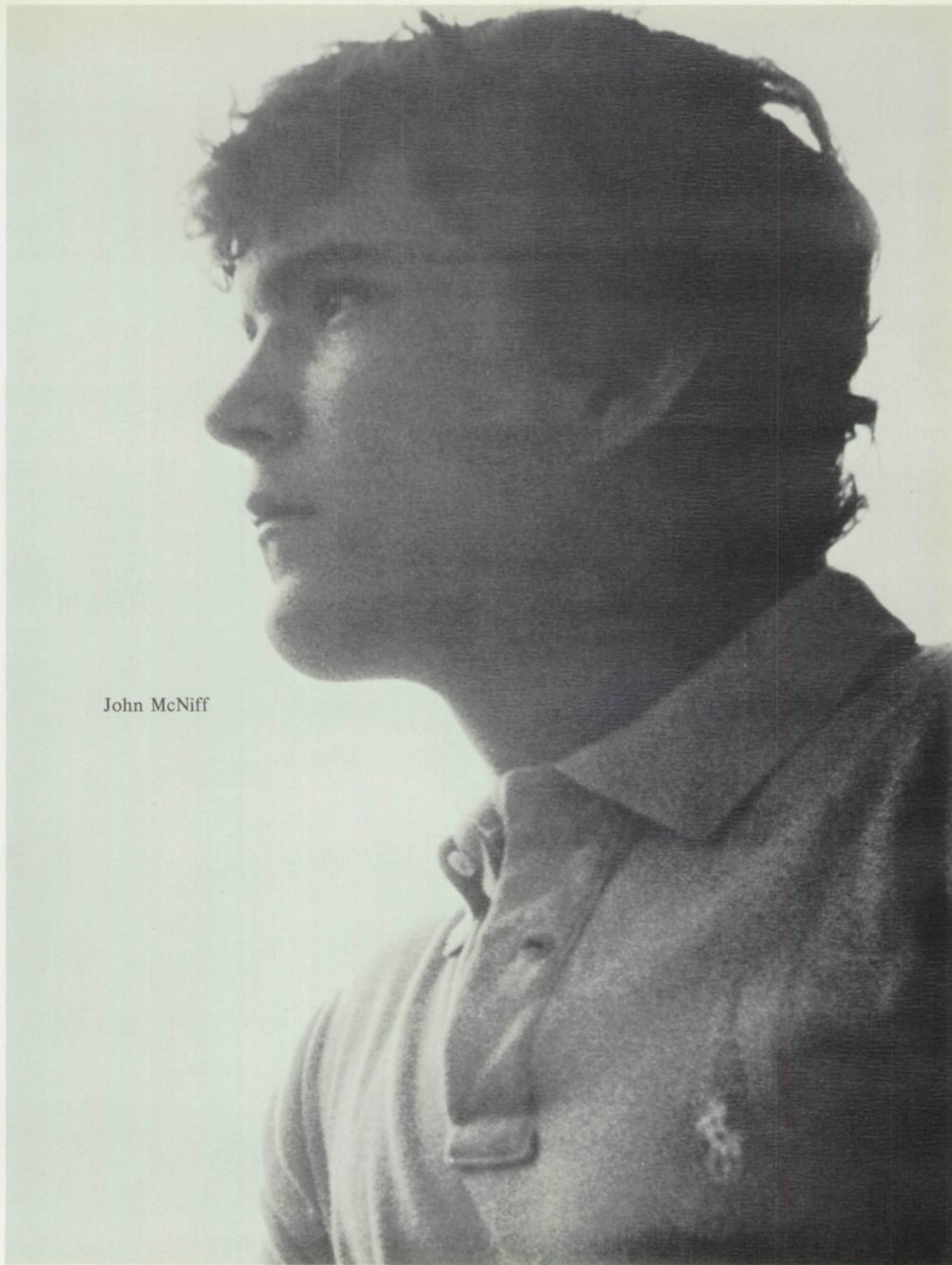
What Good is Sitting all Alone
in Your Room?
Come Hear the Music Play
Life is a Cabaret, Old Chum!
And I Love a Cabaret!

Liza Minnelli



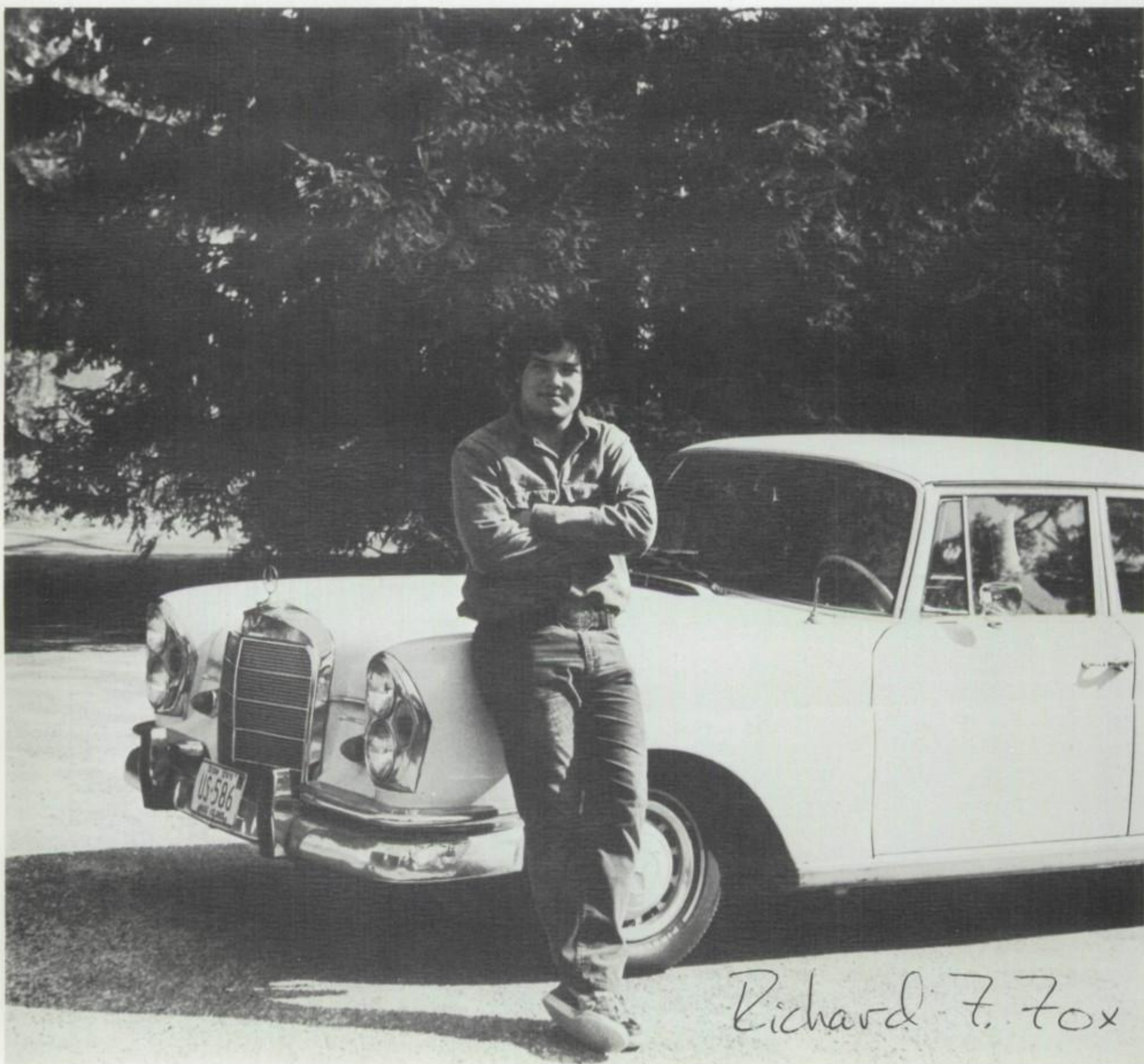
Adeline

John McNiff





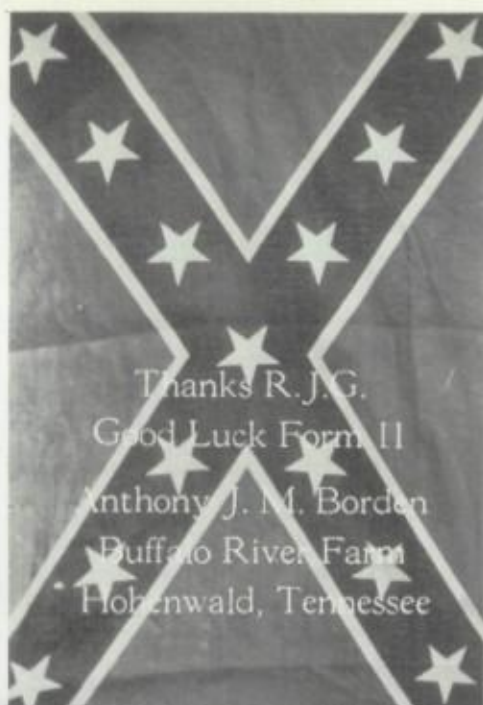
I just want to
thank everyone for
such a great year.
R.F.



Richard F. Fox



Sarah E. Alexander



*Good Times Go By Easy
 Good Times Fly Away*



Eliza Allison Tebo Storey

"But I am not yet old enough to like the past better than the present, although there are nights when I have a passing sadness for the unnecessary pains, the self-made foolishness that was, is, and will be. I do regret that I have spent too much of my life trying to find what I called "sense", trying to find what I called "truth". I never knew what I meant by truth, never made the sense I hoped for. All I mean is that I left too much of me unfinished because I wasted too much time. However."

Lillian Hellman, *An Unfinished Woman*





Be noisy leaves, as you flutter down.
 Still more flamboyant, with more abandon
 And raise the level of the gall of yesterday
 Within the up, by adding to today's yearning.

Boris Pasternak

Tightly closed eyelids.
 Towering heights. And clouds.
 Waters. Fords. And rivers.
 Years. And countless ages.

Boris Pasternak





David R. Wilmerding, III



John M.E. Storey

"The Racer"

Greenie

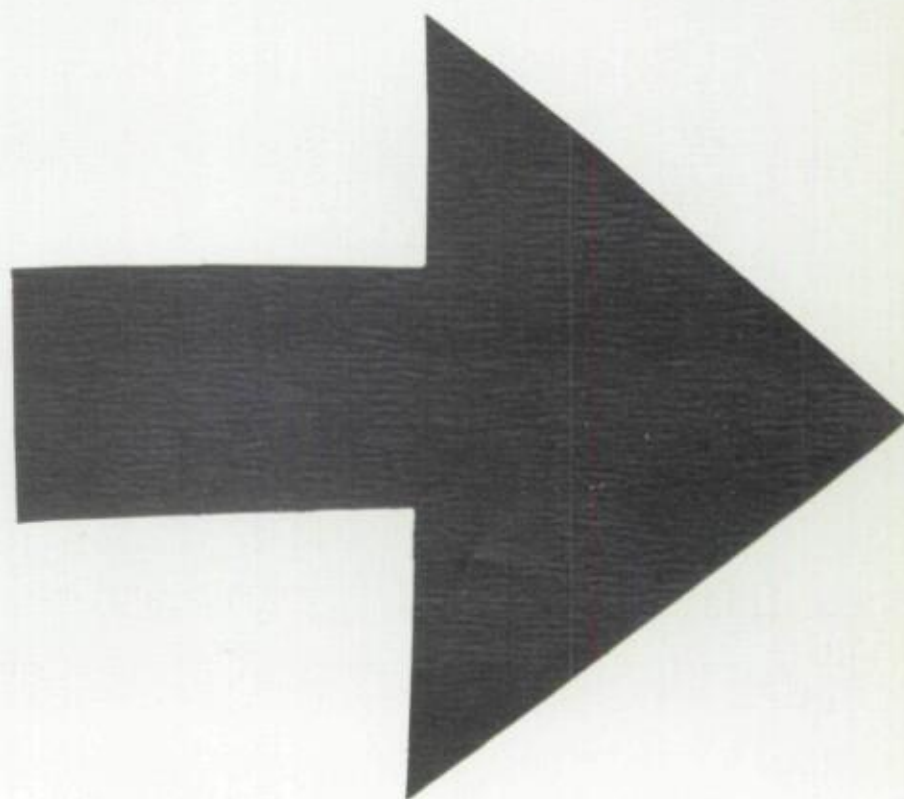
Greenbaum

Greenstink

Greenhouse

Greenwich

Sarah Barnard Greenhill





*To know someone here or there
with whom you can feel
there is understanding
in spite of distances or
thoughts unexpressed...
that can make of this
earth a garden.*

Goethe



*Dost thou think, because thou
art virtuous, there shall be
no more cakes and ale?*

Shakespeare



Andrea Clemm Krahmer



*If I am united with my friends in heart,
What matters if our place be far apart.*

Anwar-i-Suheili

Bradford L. Hayes



Where you come from is not
nearly as important as where
you're going.



Rebecca A. Hopkins

I strangle my words as easily as I do my tears
 I stifle my screams as frequently as I flash my smile
 it means nothing
 I am cotton candy on a rainy day
 the unrealized dream of an idea unborn

I share with painters the desire
 To put a three-dimensional picture
 On a one-dimensional surface

Nikki Giovanni

when i can't express
 what i really feel
 i practice feeling
 what i can express
 and none of it is equal
 i know
 but that's why mankind
 alone among the mammals
 learns to cry

Nikki Giovanni



when i die i hope no one who ever
 hurt me cries.

Nikki Giovanni

Robin F. Miller

Non est ad astra mollis e terris via. Seneca

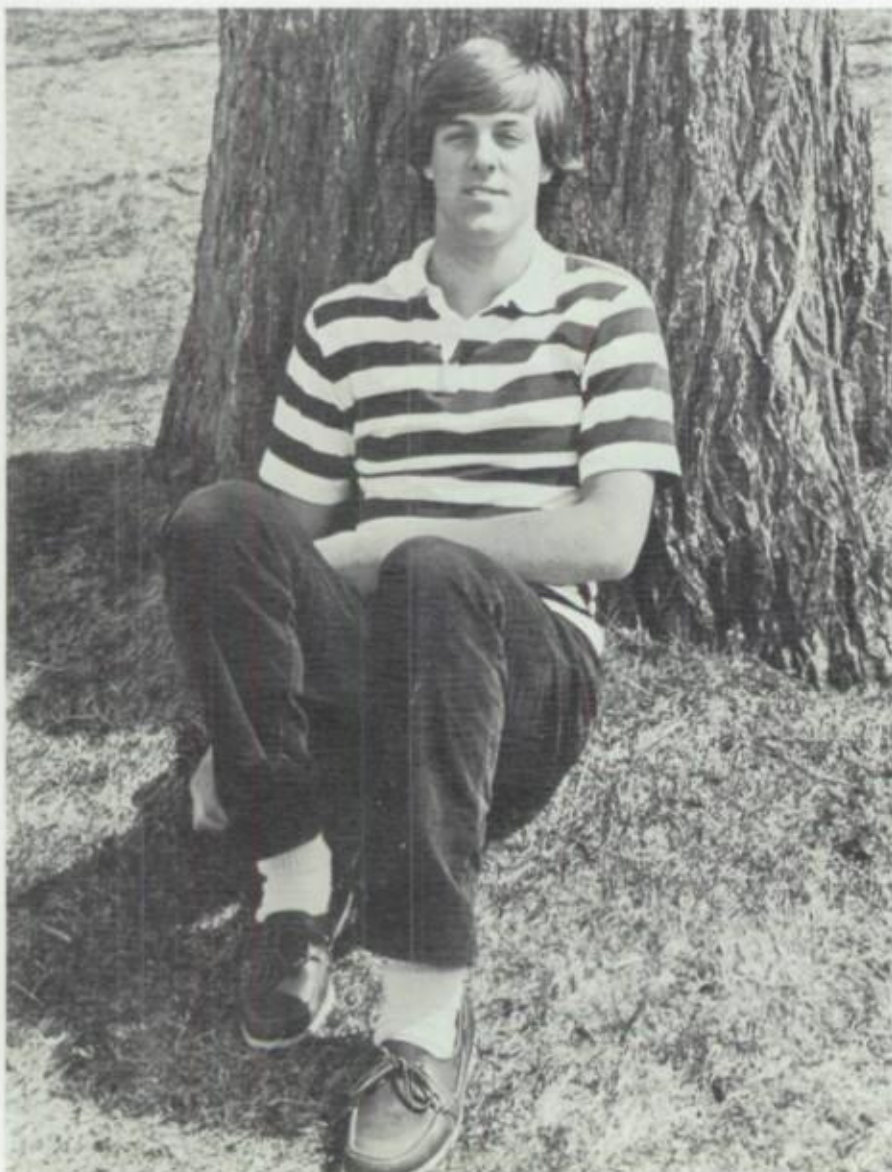


Crystal G. Norris

There is no easy way from the earth to the stars.



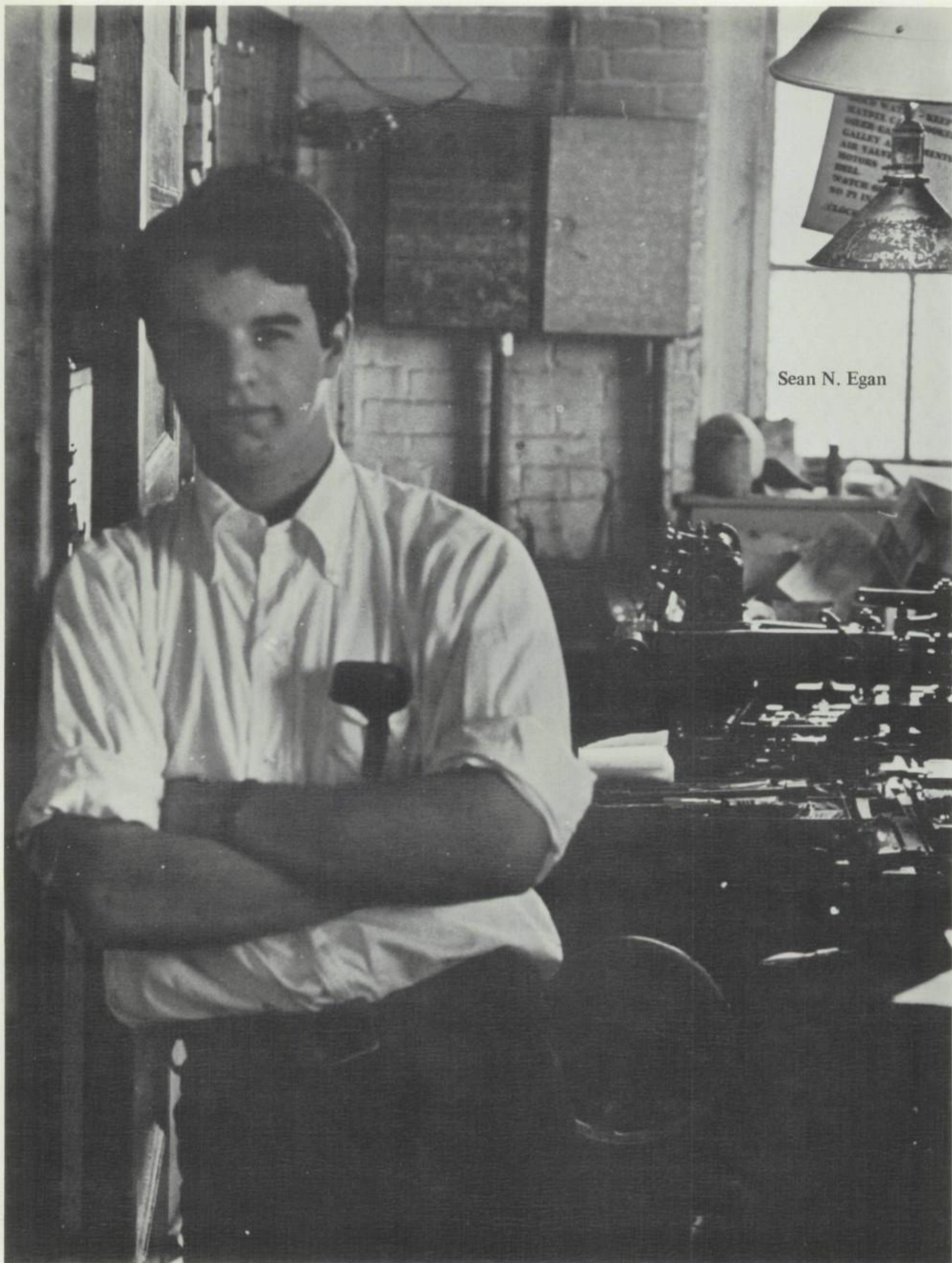
Michael J. Sheedy



Thanks to MHB, JC.

Dedicated to my family

*There's nothing you can do that
can't be done. Nothing you can
sing that can't be sung. Nothing
you can say, but you can learn
how to play the game, it's easy.*



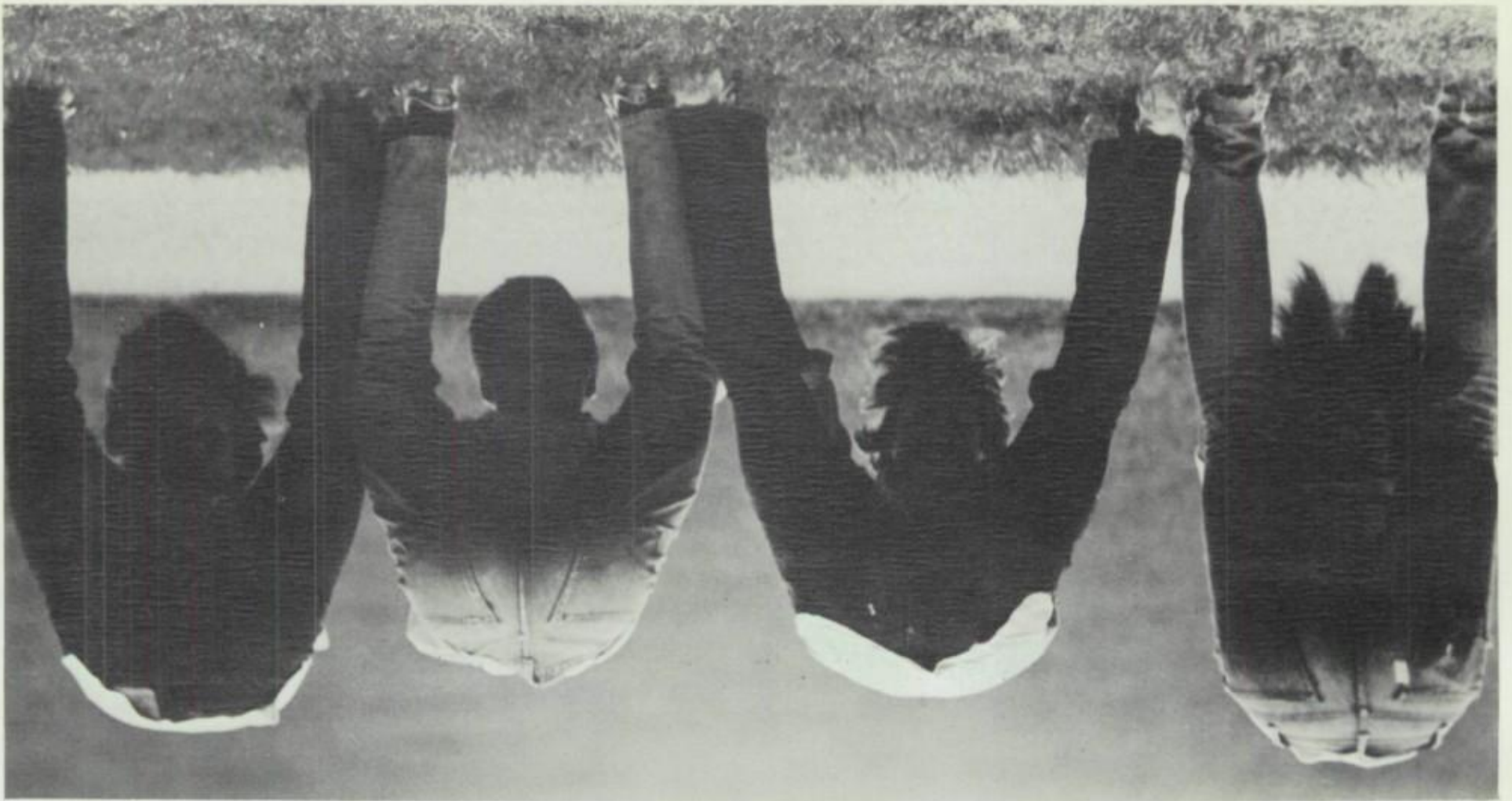
Sean N. Egan



SARAH S. SPURDLE

Alexandra R. Phillips





Tennessee, Tennessee, there ain't no place I'd rather be...



Ernest B. Tracy III

John Powell Lowe

Take the rugged sunny days
 the warm and rocky weather
 Take the roads that I have walked
 looking for tomorrow's time
 peace of mind

D.F.

embrace life and hold it close.
 live with passion ~

Sarah Sewall



"Goodbye", said the fox. And now here is my
 secret, a very simple secret:

It is only with the heart
 that one can see rightly,
 what is essential is invisible
 to the eye.

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry



may I say that I have
 loved me one or two
 of the people in my past -
 fading faces in a waking dream
 and though they never seem
 to last very long
 there are faces I remember
 from those places in my past
 yet.



ELIZABETH CARTER WALLACE



"Much did I rage when young,
Being by the world oppressed,
But now with flattering tongue
It speeds the parting guest."

Amanda E. C. Hodgson



The best way out is always through.

Robert Frost



And when the night is cloudy,
there is still a light that shines
on me....

There will be an answer
Let it be

Beatles

Have a good time,
David W. Zimmer

To affect the quality of the day,
that is the highest of arts.

Thoreau

A. Richard Faesy



F. Thomas B. C. Hoopes



SHELLEY REED SNYDER



"It's funny. Don't ever tell anybody anything. If you do, you start missing everybody."
Holden Caulfield
from *The Catcher in the Rye*

"I became conventional"
Amory Blaine
from *This Side of Paradise*



the person

mistake and the moment are those where mistakes

of the battle of being, don't find themselves in a

re-considerable, but better a laugh is less

heartless than tears, that's a notion

perhaps not

W. H. Auden

Judith Ann Berger





Ernest B. Hockens

Judson P. Reis

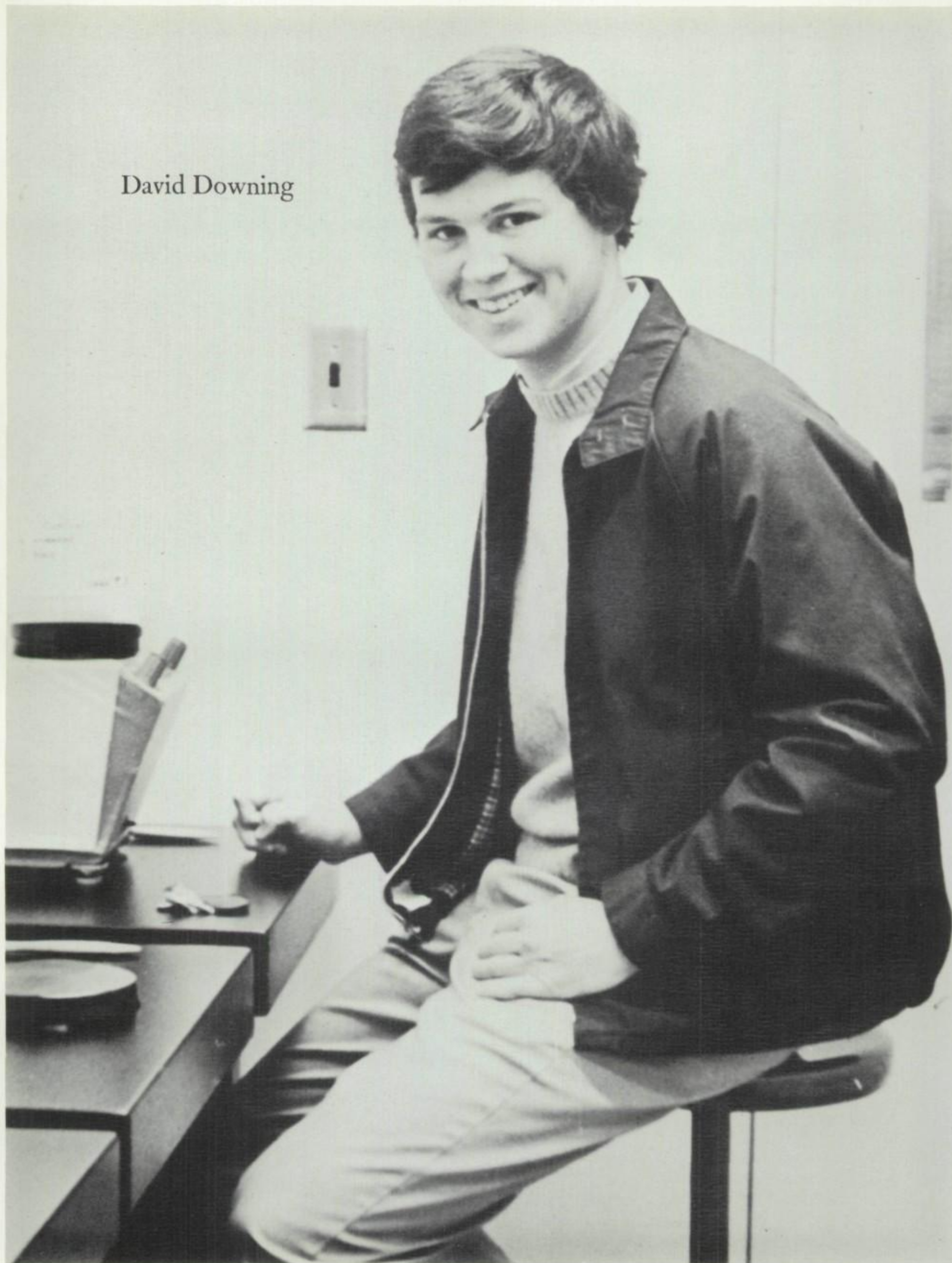
Oly showed me the fork in the road; you can take to the left or go straight to the right;
use your days and save your nights, careful where you step and watch what you eat,
sleep with the light and you've got it beat.

Oly warned me it's a mean old world—If the string don't break, yes it's true,
What am I supposed to do? Read the writin' on the wall, heard it when I was very small.

When you awake you will remember everything, you'll be hangin' on a string.
When you believe, you'll be reliev'in' on the soul, that you were born to grow old and never know.

The Band

David Downing





"In going where you have to go, and doing what you have to do, and seeing what you have to see, you dull and blunt the instrument you write with. But I would rather have it bent and dull and know I had put it on the grindstone again and hammer it into shape and put a whetstone to it, and know that I had something to write about, than to have it bright and shining and nothing to say, or smooth and well-oiled in the closet, but unused."

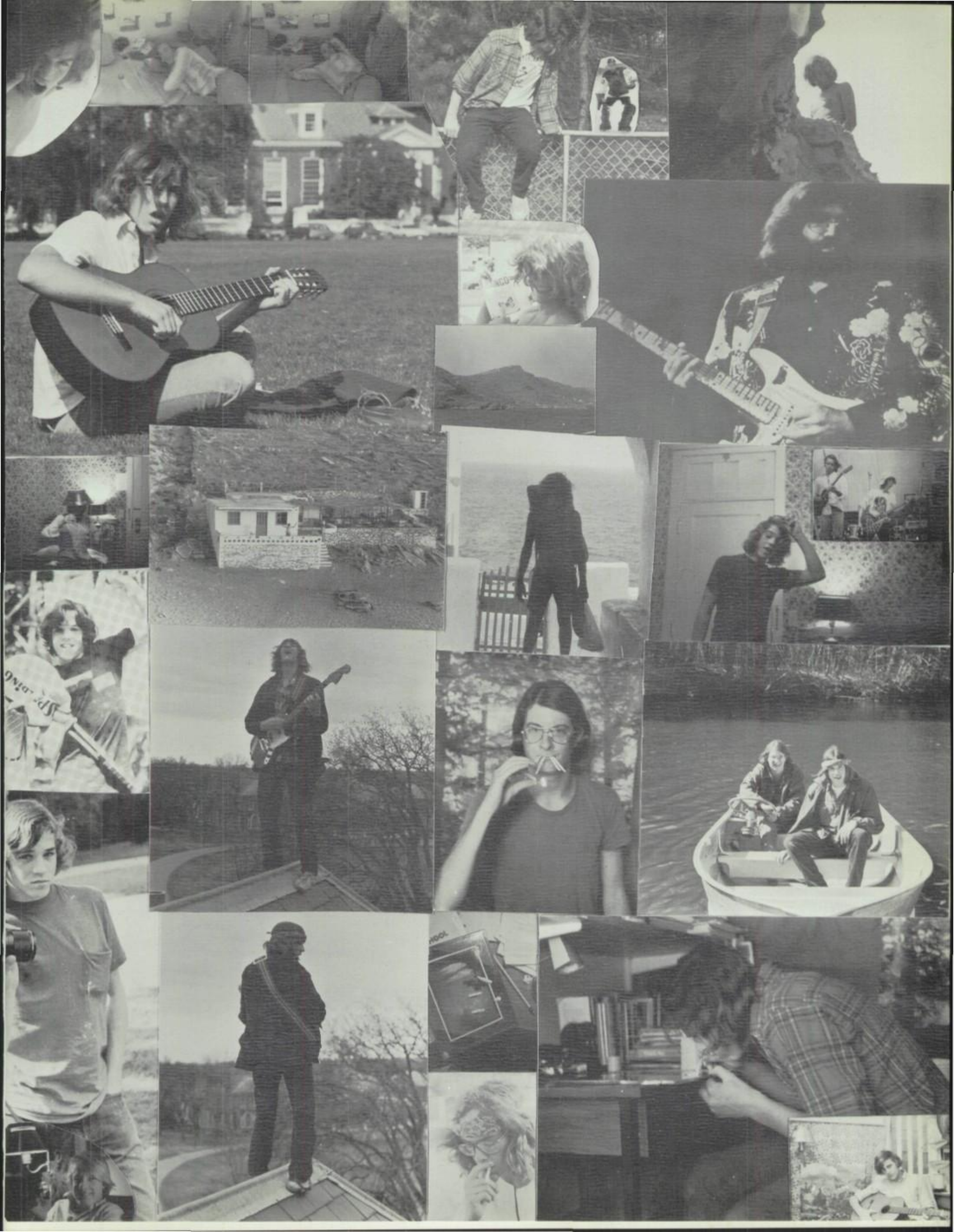
Ernest Hemingway

*Suzanne Reynolds
Keating*

"It isn't like a lense of glass—nothing I see is clear:
blur of bud and mountain pass
over a horse's ear."
T.F.



Ruth H. Kennedy





Don't let the glasses
fool ya
stand beside me when
you measure my size
don't let false estimations
rule ya
maybe someday you will
come to realize
that I am a demon
in disguise

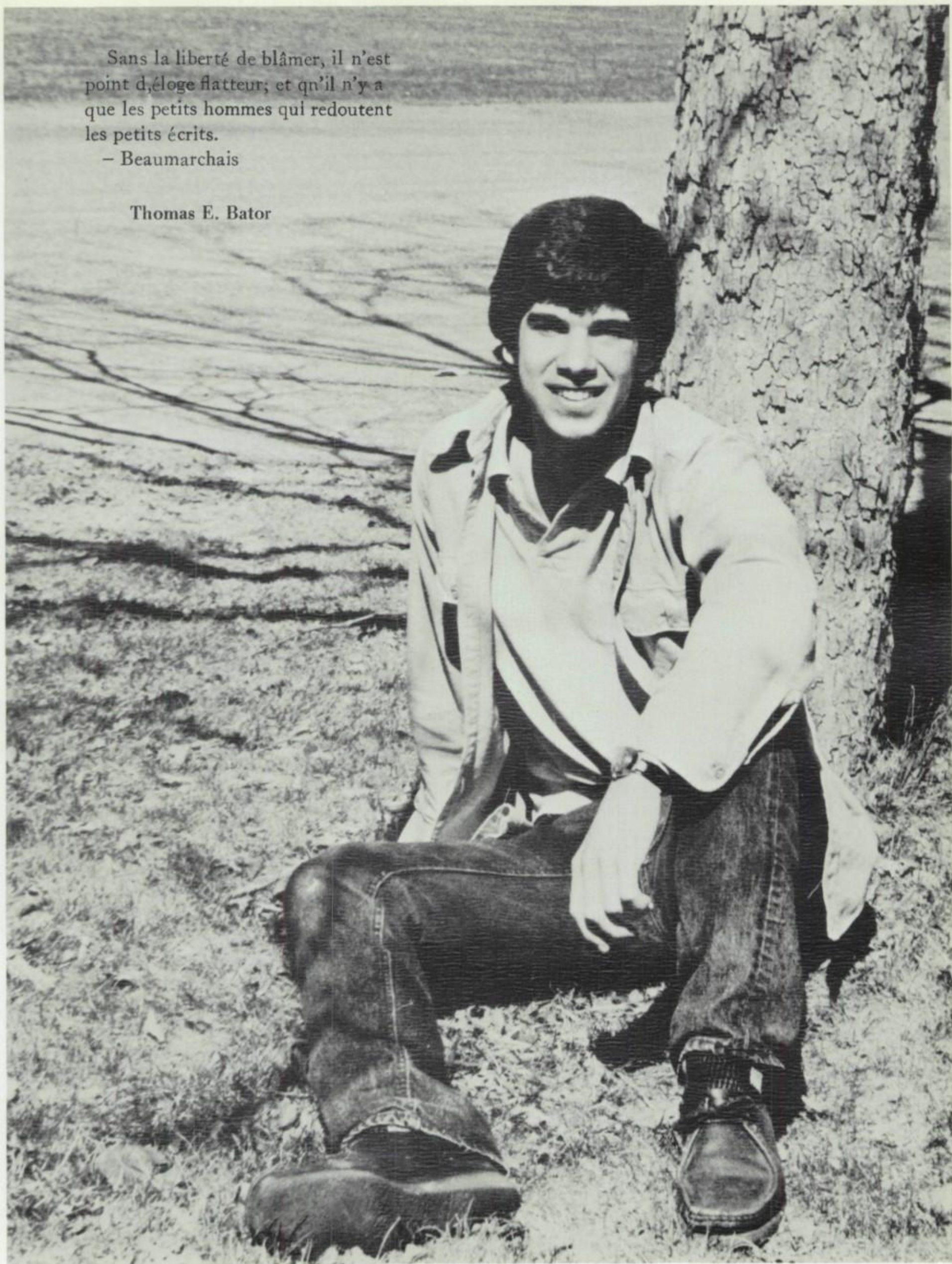


I ain't crazy, nor am I lazy,
I'm just trying to find out
what's right and what's wrong

Sans la liberté de blâmer, il n'est
point d'éloge flatteur; et qn'il n'y a
que les petits hommes qui redoutent
les petits écrits.

— Beaumarchais

Thomas E. Bator





Michael A. Mendoza

"But I don't want to go among mad people,"
Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat.
"we're all mad here. I'm mad. you're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.
"You must be," said the Cat,
"or you wouldn't have come
here."

Lewis Carroll



God give them wisdom
that have it; and those
that are fools, let them
use their talents

William Shakespeare



The setting sun and music at the close
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last
Writ in remembrance more than things long past
William Shakespeare



Diana V. Chigas

Katherine E. Lewis

"Experience is better than
Knowledge." *French Proverb*

"Procrastination is the
thief of time." *Dickens*



Melissa



My tastes are very simple,
I only want the very best
of everything.

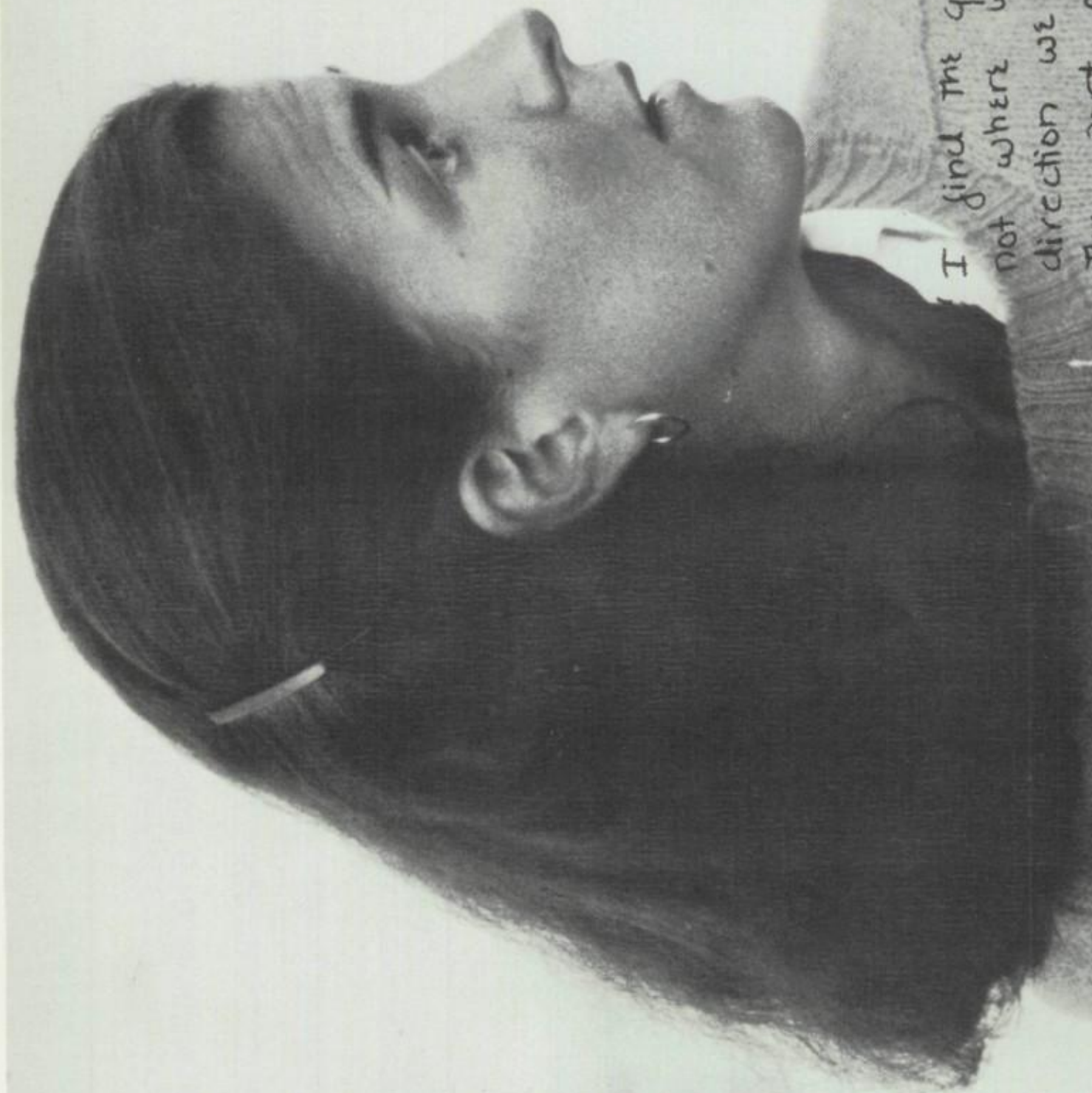




Joan M. Husekman



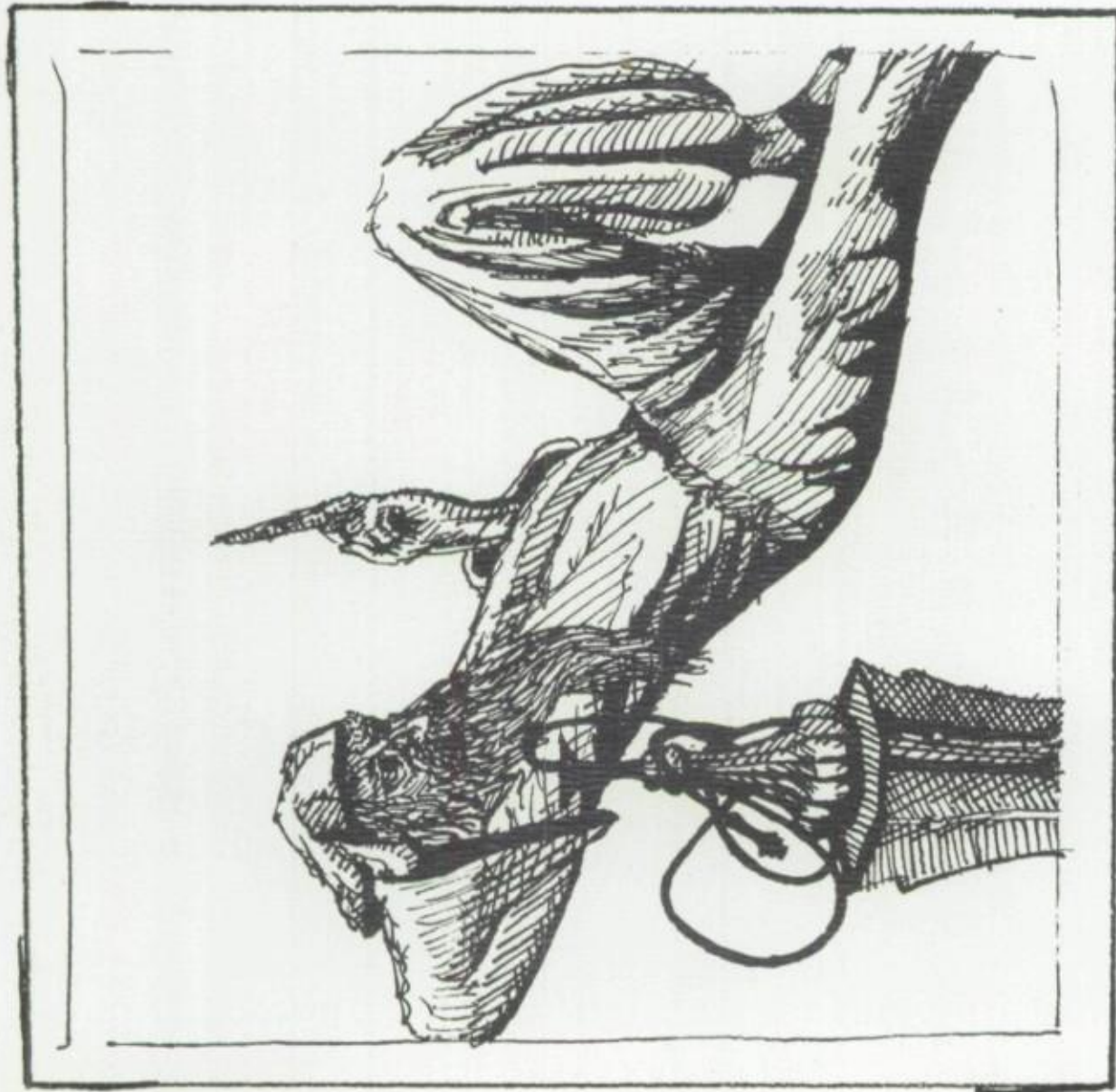
Lynn W. Piasecki



I find the great thing in this world is
not where we stand, as in what
direction we are moving: To reach
the port of heaven, we must sail
sometimes with the wind and
sometimes against it --- but we
must sail, and not drift, nor
lie at anchor.

Amy Andres Cunningham

Oliver Wendell Holmes



Make many footprints, young man

Matthew W. H. Smith

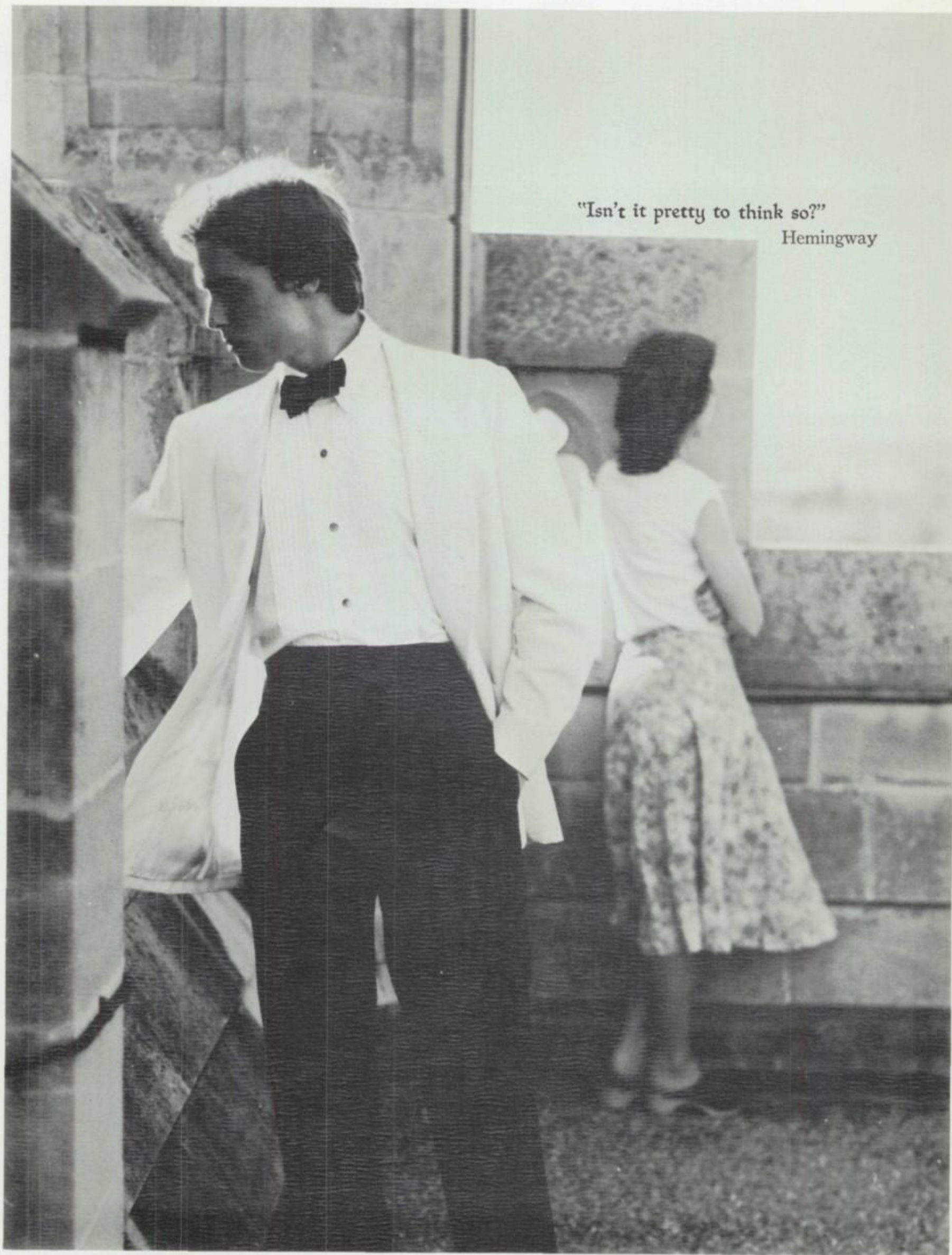


“Youth is such a wonderful thing,
such a pity to waste it on children.”

George Bernard Shaw



William C. Packard
Villa Nova
Pennsylvania

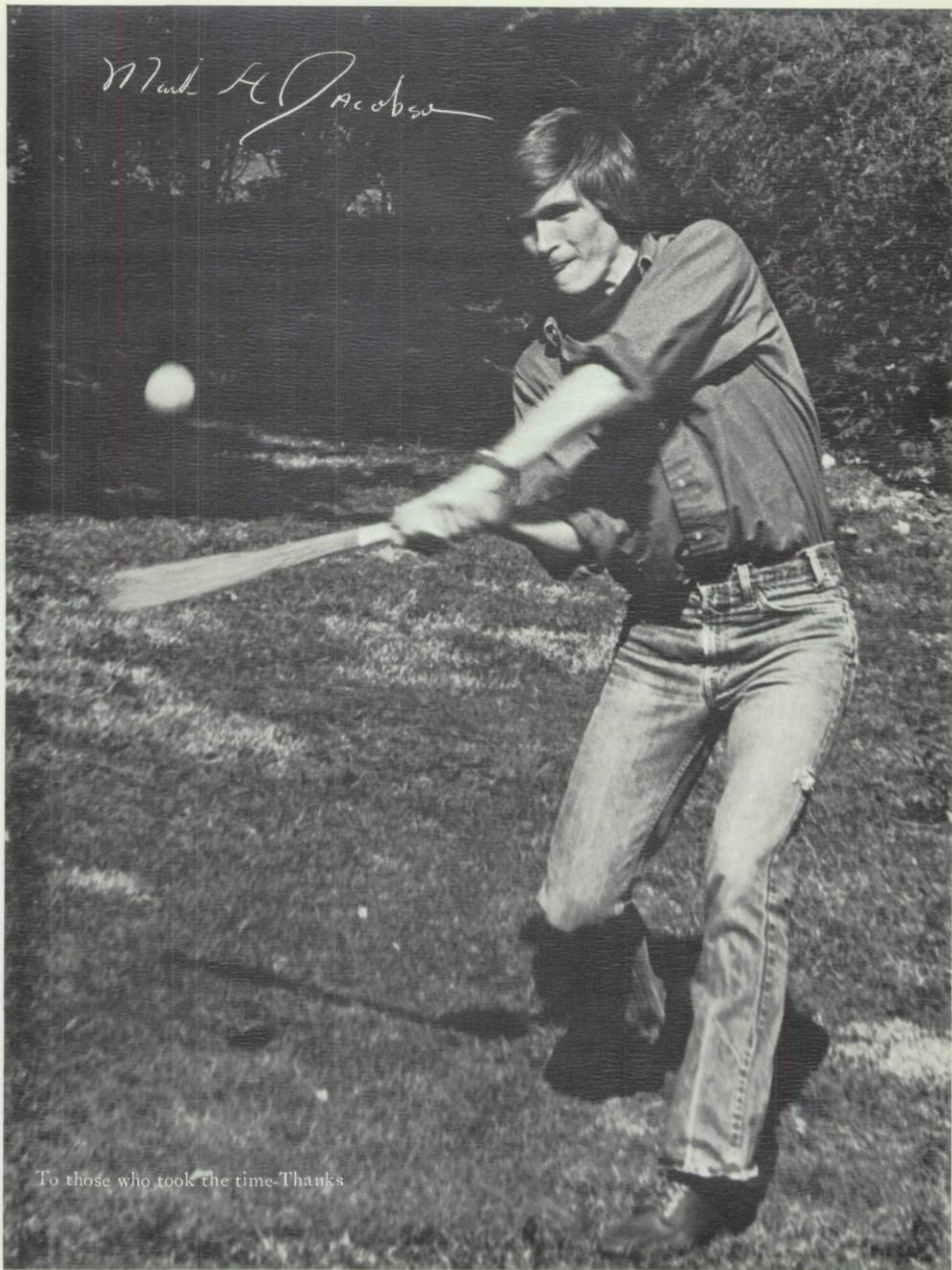


D. Kemerer Edwards



James Palmer

Mark H. Jacobs




To those who took the time-Thanks

GOODNIGHT FORM TWO



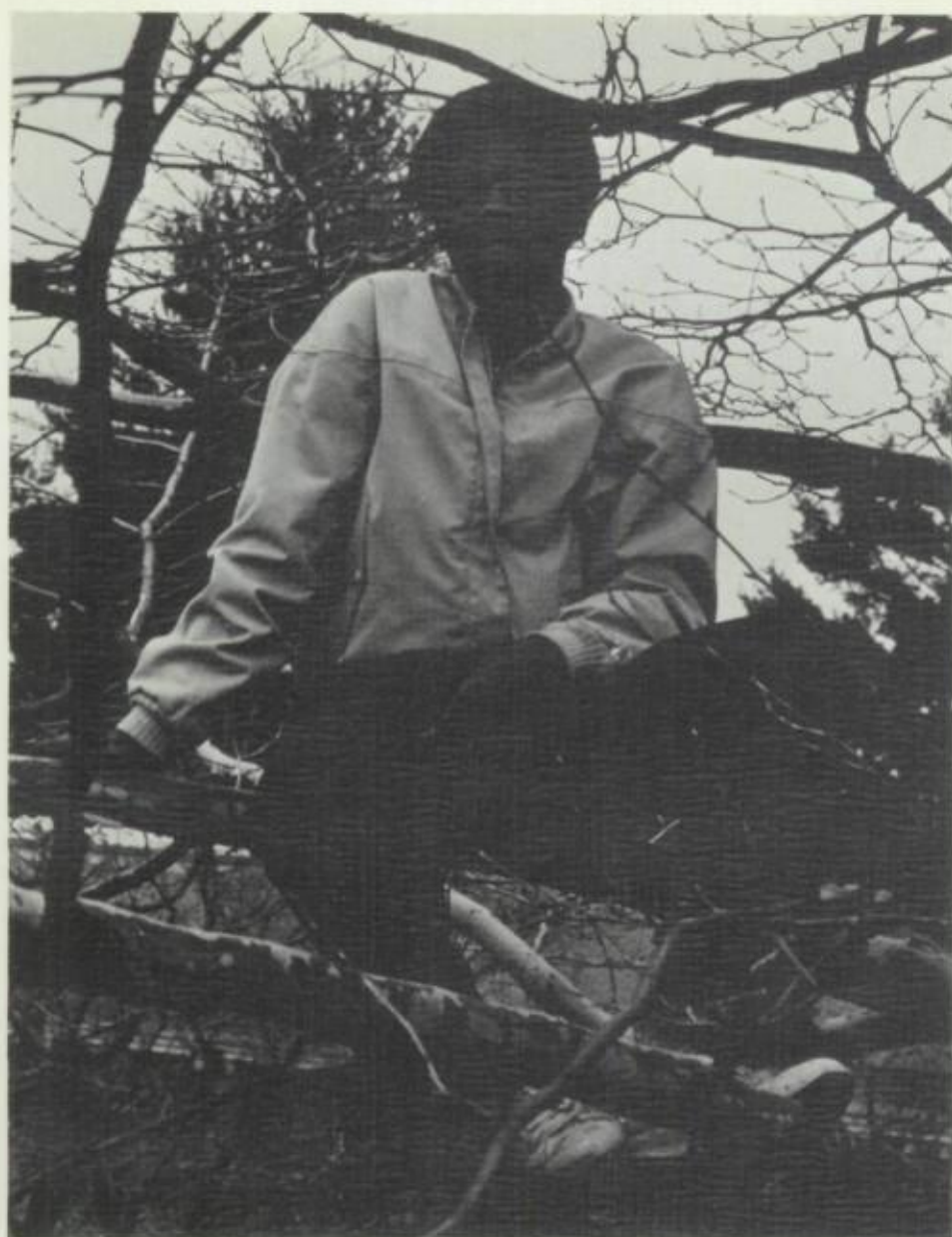
Minturn S. Osborne



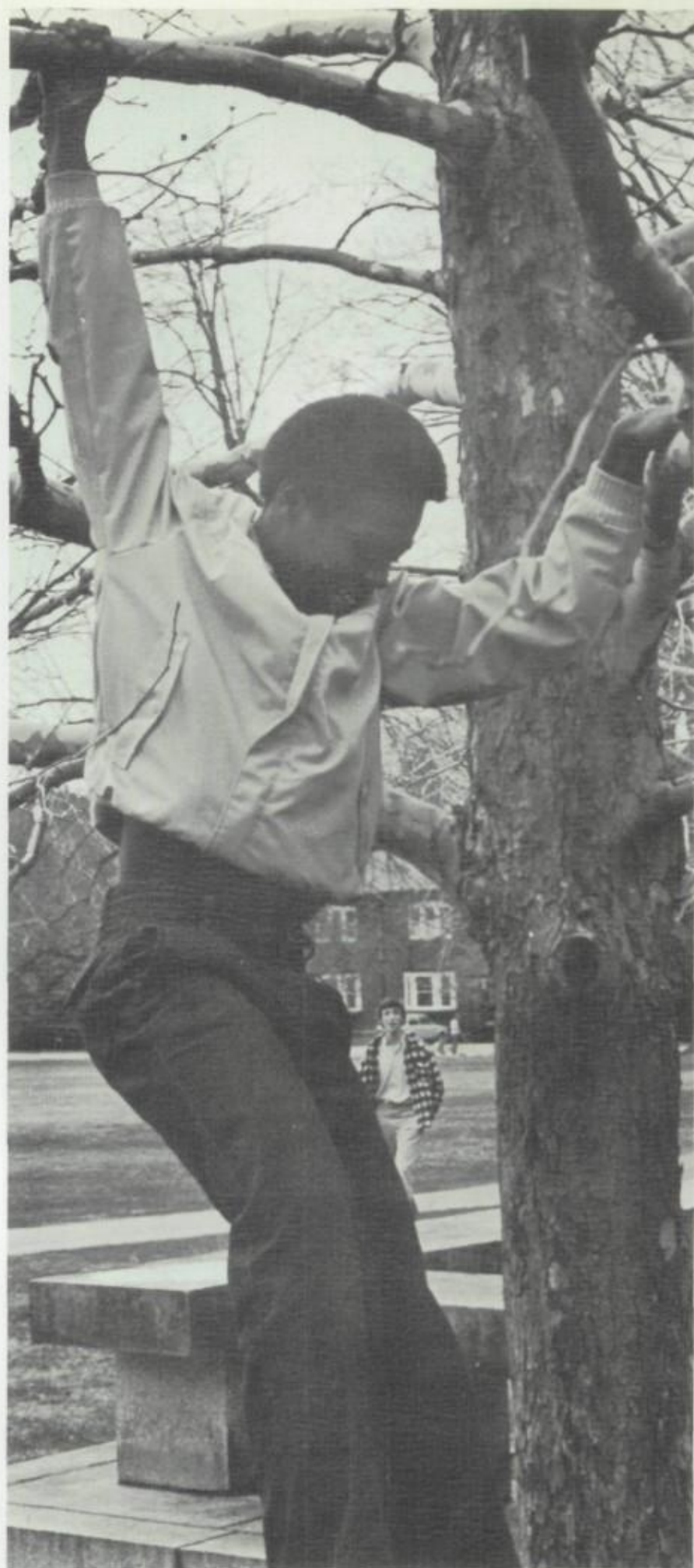
I believe the children are our future
Teach them well and let them lead the way
Show them all the beauty they possess inside,
Give them a sense of pride to make it easier
Let the children's laughter remind us how we used to be.
Everybody is searching for a hero,
People need someone to look up to,
I never found anyone to fulfill my need,
A lonely place to be, so I learned to depend on me.
I decided long ago never to walk in anyone's shadow
If I fail, if I succeed,
At least I'll live as I believe.
No matter what they take from me
They can't take away my dignity,
Because the greatest love of all was happening to me.
I found the greatest love of all inside of me
The greatest love of all is easy to achieve
Learning to love yourself is the greatest love of all.

George Benson

Gayland M. Trim



Smile, AND THE WORLD smiles
With you,
CRY, AND you cry alone.



DREAM the Impossible
DREAM, TO REACH the
UNREACHABLE Star
My quest is to Follow that
Star, NO MATTER how hope-
less, NO MATTER how far..



Laura Gardner





Alexandra McGovern



This is a journey of the
prowlings of one mind which
has sought to explore, to
understand, and to enjoy
the miracles of this world.

from *The Immense Journey*

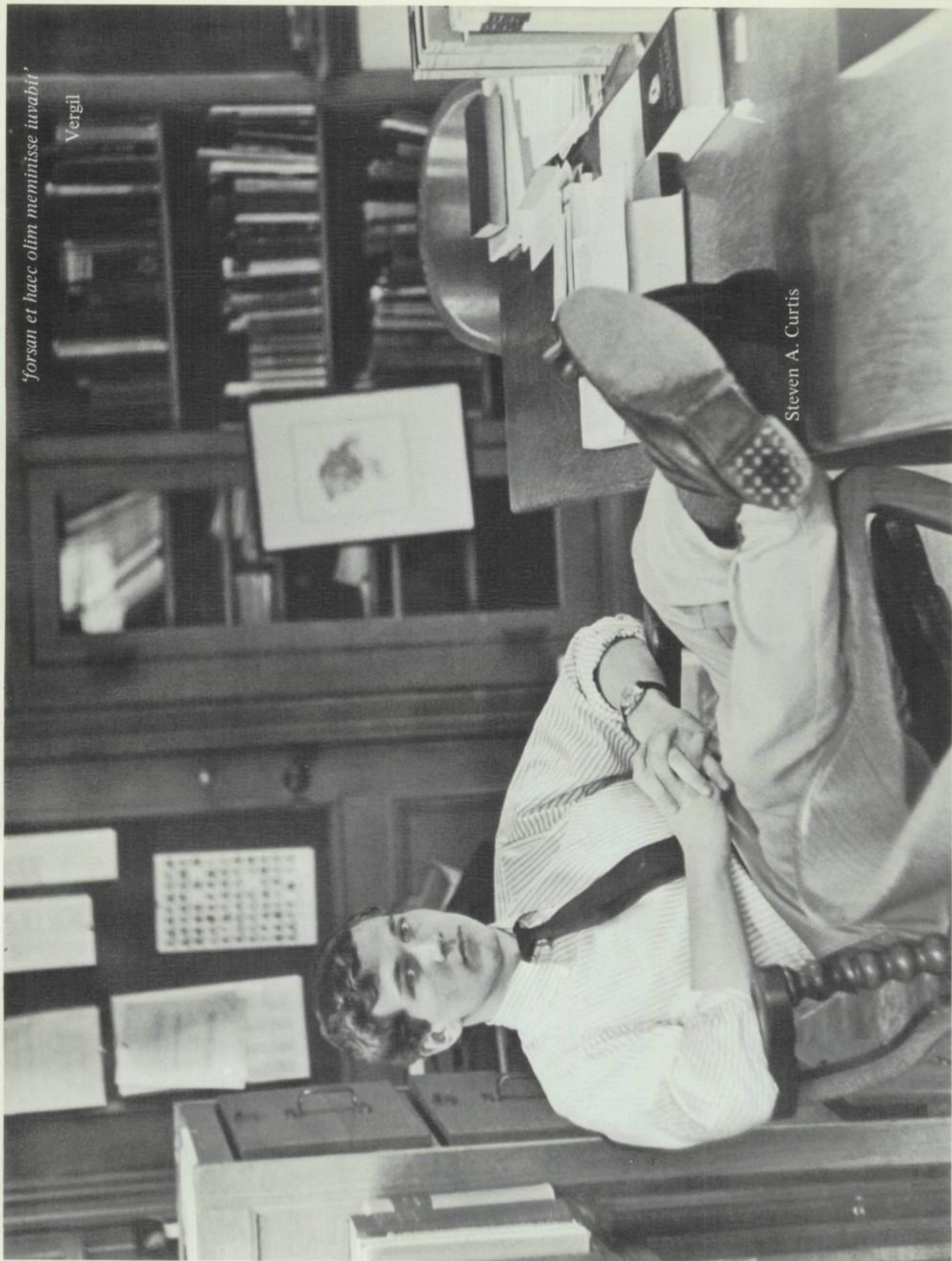
Peter Parker

will you seek afar off? you will come back at
last to things best known to you, finding
happiness, knowledge, not in another place,
but in this place — not for another hour,
but this hour.

'forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit'

Vergil

Steven A. Curtis



What is it then between us?

What is it then the count of the scores or
hundreds of years between us

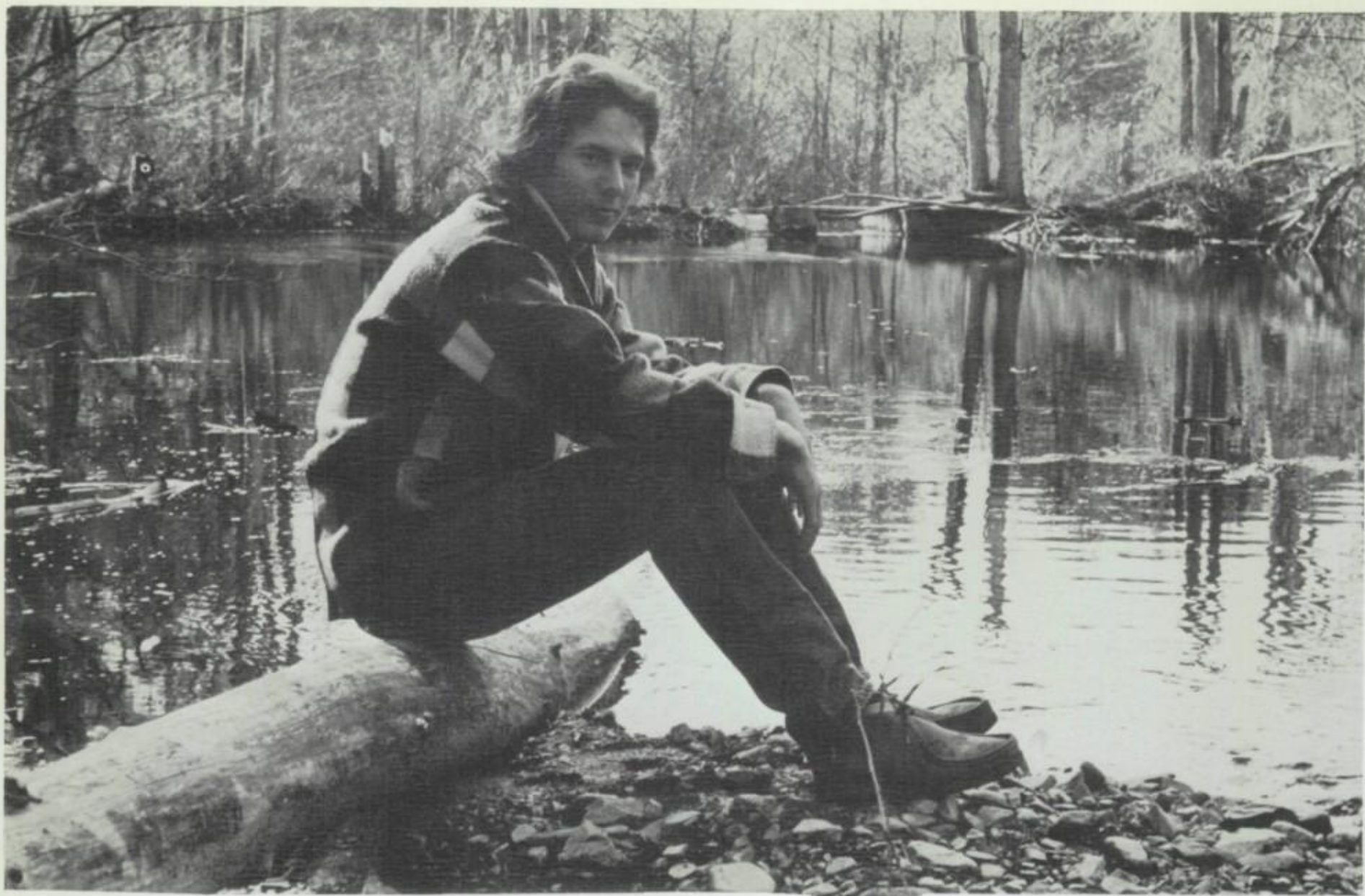
Whatever it is it avails not.

Distance avails not and place avails not.

Walt Whitman



Alexander Daley Chatfield



Alright, 'cos I got my own world
to look through,
and I ain't gonna copy you.

Jimi Hendrix

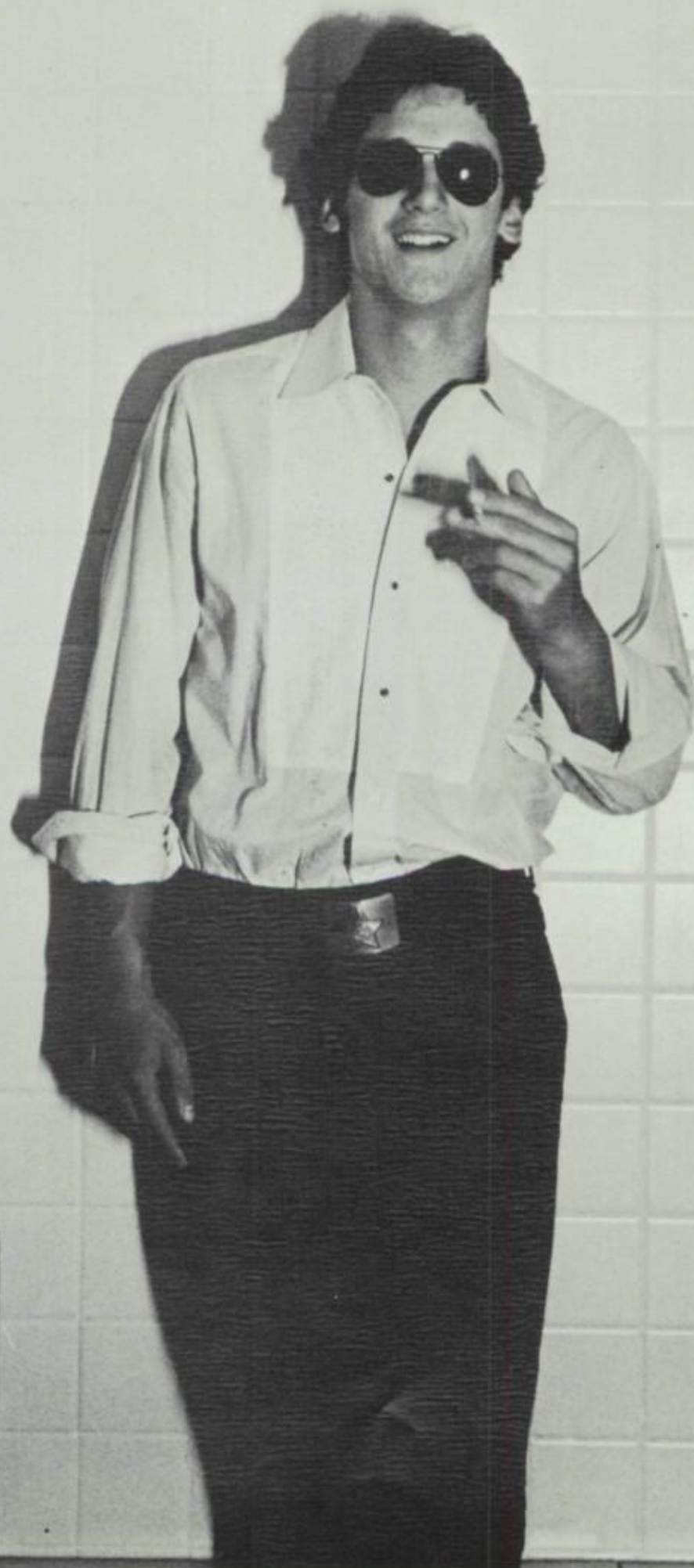


Peter W. Fleming, III

We the unwilling (to believe in the lie) have done so much (survive) for so little, now attempt to do the impossible (rebirth) with nothing (but ourselves).



Nicholas Landau Gideonse



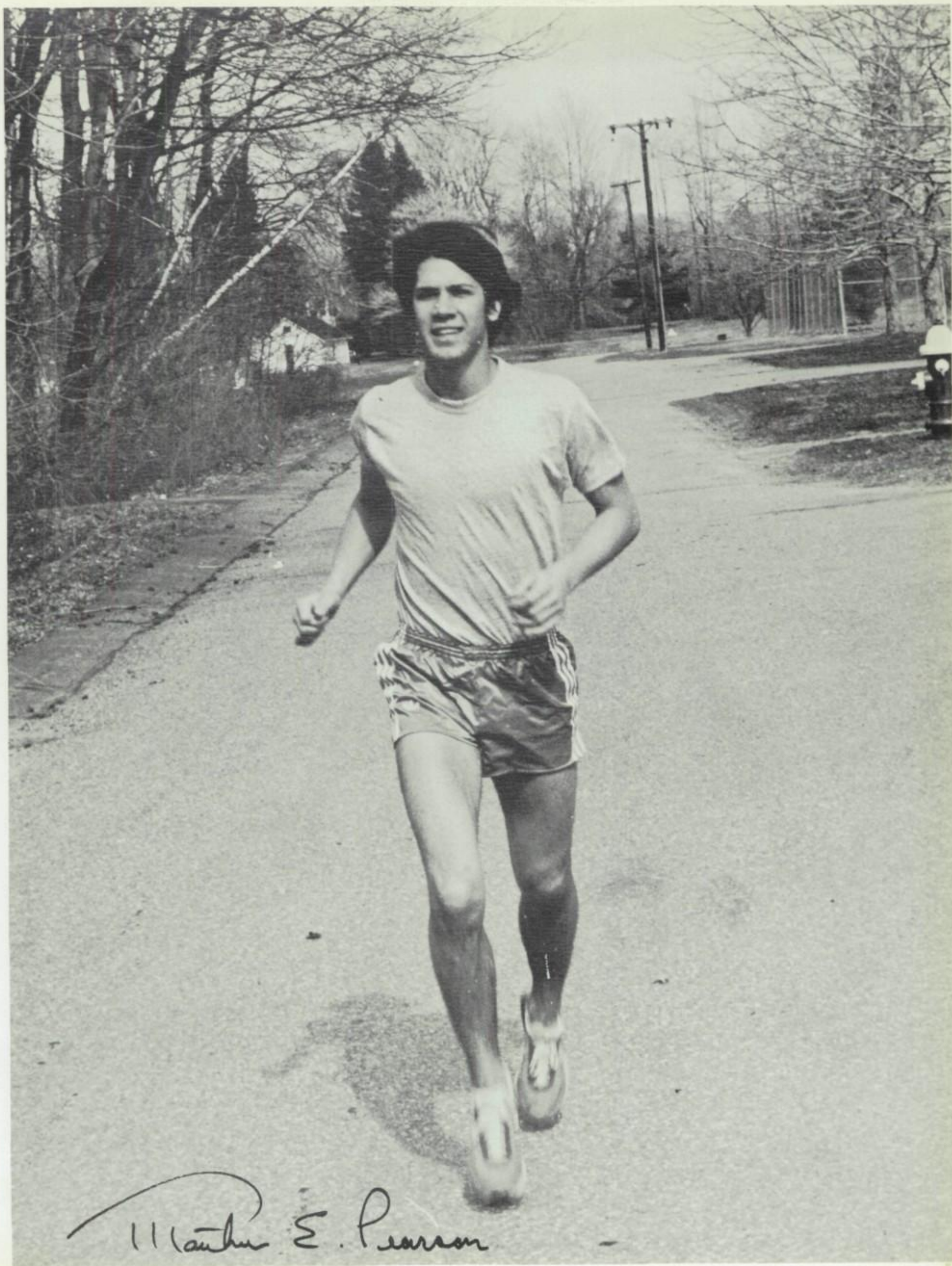
To live only for some future goal is shallow. It's the sides of the mountain which sustain life, not the top. Here's where things grow.

But of course, without the top you can't have any sides. It's the top that defines the sides. So on we go...

Robert M. Pirsig



James D. Criner



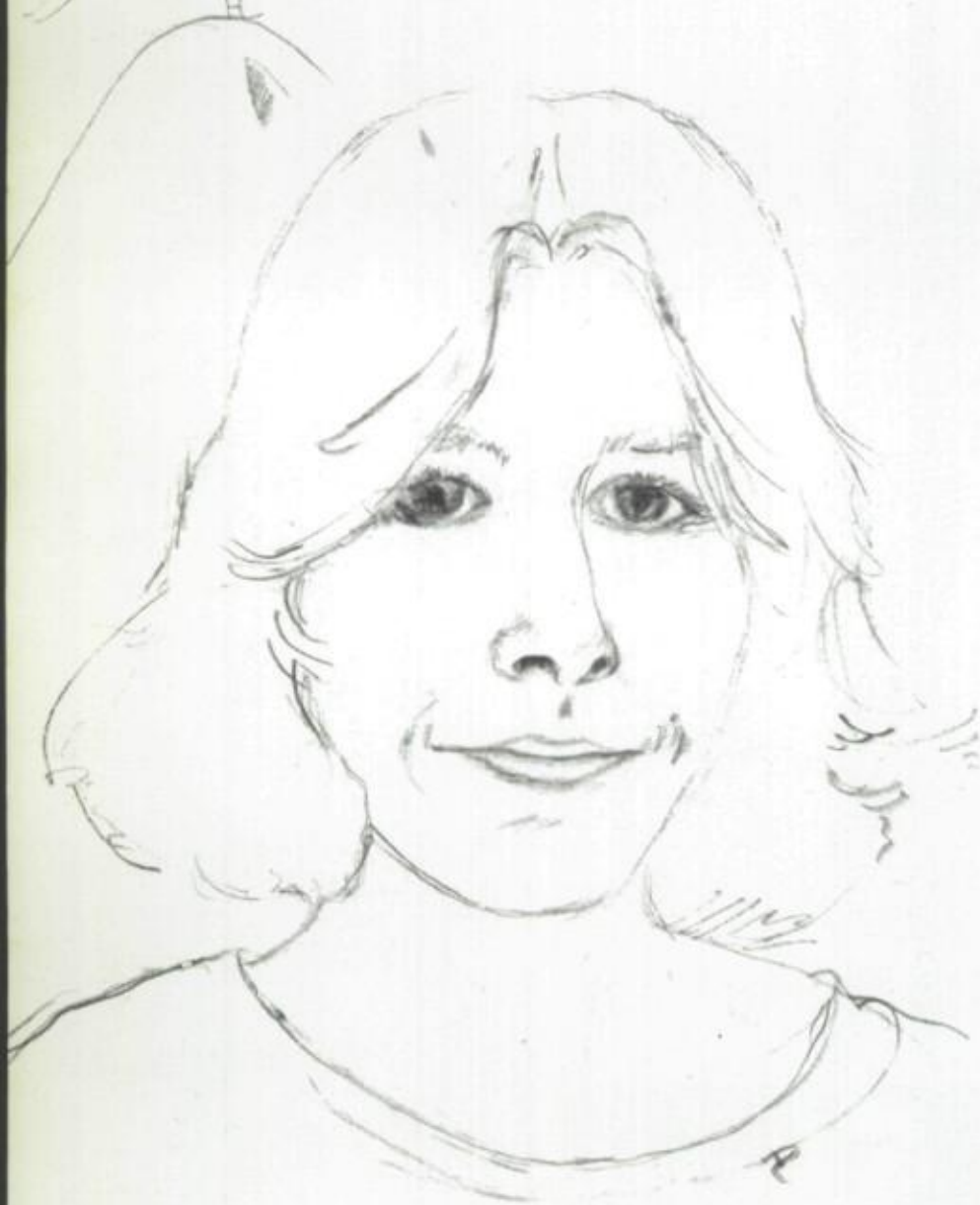
Walter E. Pearson



Sarah Clark

Claire Richards

Olivia Hatch



Everybody is a moon and has a dark side
which he never shows to anybody.

Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain)

And if your head explodes

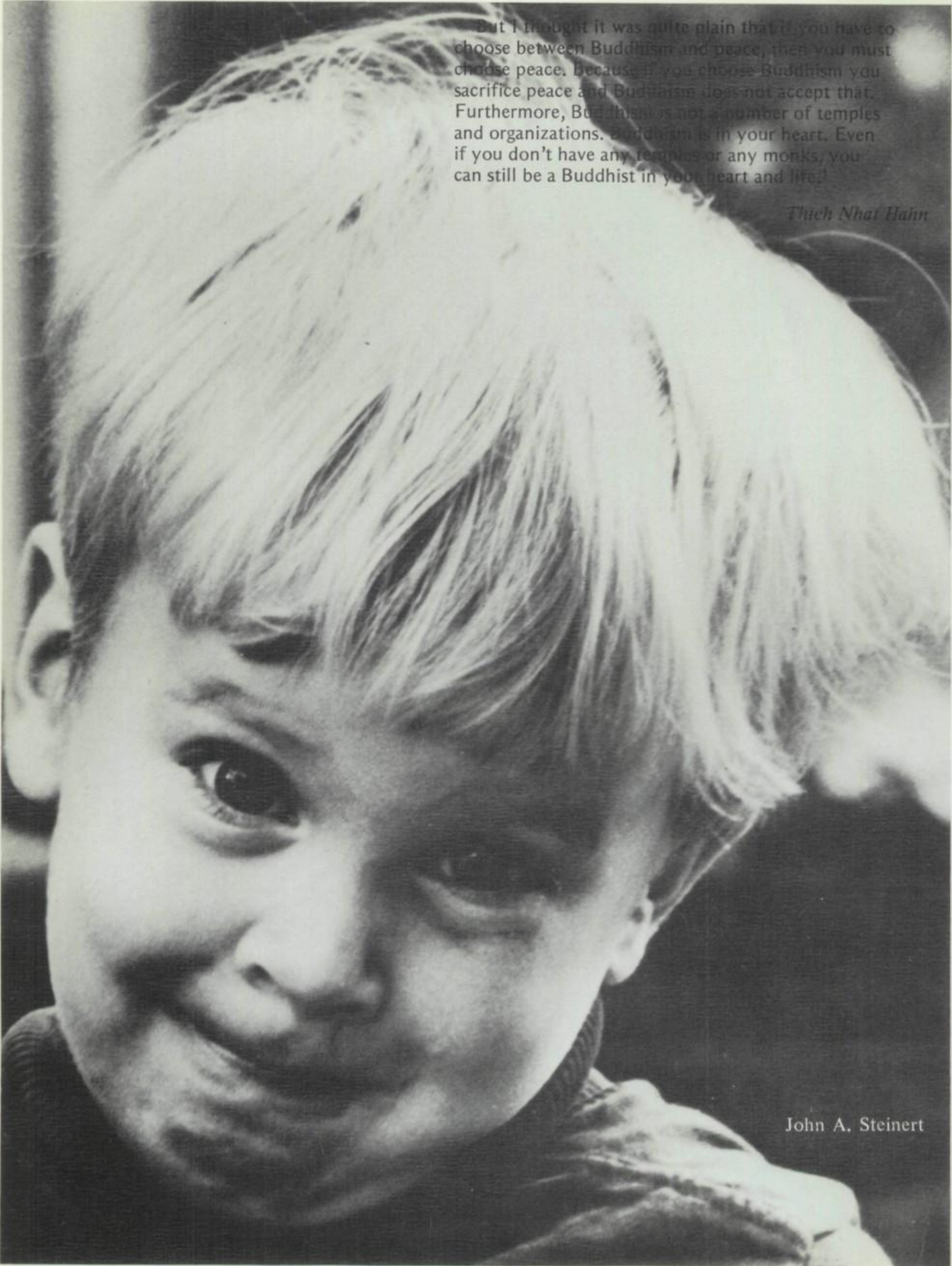
With dark forbodings too

I'll see you on the dark side of the moon.

Roger Waters (PINK FLOYD)



VOLKE ANDREAS BRANDT



But I thought it was quite plain that if you have to choose between Buddhism and peace, then you must choose peace. Because if you choose Buddhism you sacrifice peace and Buddhism does not accept that. Furthermore, Buddhism is not a number of temples and organizations. Buddhism is in your heart. Even if you don't have any temples or any monks, you can still be a Buddhist in your heart and life.

Thich Nhat Hahn

John A. Steinert



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